

Maclean's

OLYMPIC PREVIEW

The best of the Montreal games



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the Sixties became
the Seventies'
the big spenders

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Let the games begin: The charges are well flying, the bilious-sounding strands snaking and snarled over the paragon still growing. For the two who else join the IOC of yesteryear to bethink those who are the fastest, jump the highest, throw the furthest, punch the hardest—the athletes Senior editor Michael Posner, assisted by researcher Tom Green, and reporters from correspondents around the world—has written a 14-page preview to the games, tracking across the big events and the individuals who prove to make them impossible. Australian John Walker vs. Tanzania's Eliud Kipchoge in the 1,500 meters, the return of Usain Bolt... “Everybody’s Sweetheart,” Kristin Armstrong through Santa Clara, where she’ll compete (and beat) my maniacal wife, Emma German, women’s road cycling... “The first collective and sexual” example of athletic brilliance anywhere. And more.

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Baby-boom babies, off to a spread: They were born in the late Fifties and early Sixties. They rebelled and then came to adulthood in the Sixties. Now, in the Seventies, they are discovering money and all the good things you can buy. Angela Ferreira examines the phenomenon and the people behind it: people in entertainment, careers, music, from oldsters and careers, back home. "If you can't change the system, join one of them; if you can't,"

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The Ugly Canadian, or Is Canada's 100%天然 play? In recent years, Canadians have been shocked out of their stories about oligopolies corporations raping the countryside. Now the town of Aurora, North Carolina, is complaining about a strip-mining operation by Textron Inc., a company that mostly Canadian-owned.

三



Canada's newest, pay-TV may be the best friend Canadian culture ever had: For viewers it means first-run films, for cable operators, a golden egg; for Canada's film makers a new lease on life, and for the country's Communications Minister Jeanne Sauvé perhaps one more chance to develop a cultural identity.

Results



Take good notes while every reading their statements. Some people in my chosen summer-in-the-city like Donatella or congrats with Ruth, but non-fictioners are largely looking for a good read. So whenever Barbara Amiel has compiled a list of 10 books, including a look at Frankenstein, that another overwork the curriculum and teach the intelligence to read.

Project 3



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Interview

With Prime Minister Ian Smith

The image of Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Rhodesia, is that of a stern racist determined to hold onto power, not only in the face of guerrilla war and economic sanctions but Henry Kissinger's declared support for black nationalism. One immigrates to Rhodesia in a leathery white population, an uneasy Solidarity—the capital city—and a tame, worn-out Smith. However, the whites of Rhodesia appear unwilling to accept how the war is going. Solidarity lies under an incredibly easy calm, and Smith, though more than his pictures suggest, conveys an air of absolute imperviousness. Interviews with prime ministers at the centre of political and military controversy are always staged and rearranged after interviews to allow the interviewer as little free play and sense of security as possible. Film producer Barry Callaghan found this out when he arrived at the political general's office in Bulawayo and was met by bodyguards who led him to his usual position and within 10 minutes hardly enough time to ask anyone anything. The press opened and theenkings, now involving military advisers, advanced to the point to war on the Prime Minister. He's 10 minutes late, very busy, worried one of the advisers. The interviewer can only wonder if he's going to get any real time at all and, if he does, will be cut off at the first controversial question or the gauntlet of "interviews." Smith arrived, white hands easily allowed no preliminary explanation and sat down ready to go. His advisers sit behind Callaghan. In such a situation the interviewer has to gauge the net talk he can get, then probe a little, and hope he can wrangle in time. Callaghan asked and got two extensions, a total of 25 minutes. At one point in the interview, Smith says of Rhodesia, "We have a reasonably broad-based and white young country."

We have got rich resources. Our tax base is limited now. The basis of course, is whether they're included in that collective "we" the country's 5.7 million blacks or in speaking only for its 274 000 whites.

Moskowitz: Mr. Prime Minister, recently you asked for patience and understanding. Do you consider what it is that goes on and journalists have failure to understand?

Smith: My remarks are directed more at the government, the politicians of the countries, than the communications media. For some reason or other there does seem to be what I can correctly call a wisdom against Rhodesia and what we



WE WERE TRIED AND CONVICTED WITHOUT GETTING THE CHANCE TO DEFEND OURSELVES

are doing here. But when I look at the nature of these governments, they don't recognize us. For example, the President of the United States has said that while he may be able to speak to some other heads of state in this part of the world, he cannot speak to me because this world be immature to recognizing Rhodesia.

demanded us—it put us on trial, judged us and condemned us without ever giving us the opportunity to defend ourselves and as you know that is contrary to all of the basic tenets and principles of justice and democracy.

Moskowitz: Do you think clear-cut judicial authority on the part of these countries?

Smith: Well, I'm unable to comment on what motivates them. All I can do is analyze the situation and give you the facts and if I'm not there can be any doubt in anybody's mind, especially a fair-minded man, that what they are doing is an usurpation. It's quite wrong. I don't know why. We are unable to ascertain why it is that these governments adopt the attitude to us, the United States and the Canadian government as well.

Moskowitz: Is there a political measure involved in America, or for or for Canada?

Smith: Well, there's no majority as far as I understand against Rhodesia across either the American or Canadian assemblies.

Moskowitz: You, however, went ahead and voted against Rhodesia in your assembly.

Smith: Yes. Sansibar went ahead and voted against Rhodesia without having any case, and I would go further and say to you that these wise and just countries, against all belief, that they were doing this in order to assist black Rhodesians. In actual fact, the sanctions have done and are today doing more harm to black Rhodesians than they are to white Rhodesians, so they are doubly evil.

Moskowitz: Didn't you, in 1972, for your own political interests, impose sanctions on Zambia? You obviously knew trying me, nominally, to force them out a political position?

Smith: No, this isn't correct. Let me give you the facts of the case. At that particular time there was a surge of Warsaw insurgents for the first time across the border from Zambia. People were coming across and were attacking innocent Rhodesian civilians on the south side of the border. I sent a number of messages to the President of Zambia and told him that this was imminent and that if he was prepared to take care of that kind of thing, in other words, terrorist attacks from his territory, then I would have no option other than to drop him across through my country, because otherwise I would be supporting a country that was physically attacking us. I tried to communicate with the President of Zambia. I tried to hold meetings with him, or suggest that some of our ministers should hold meetings and I never even had the courtesy of an acknowledgement or a reply. After



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showing tremendous patience. It won't be another year before the Zimbabweans learn what it is to live in a country of racialism and nothing to stop the terrorist movements. In the end we'll have to change the borders in order to prevent terrorism which was taking the lives of decent innocent people. I am a black Zimbabwean, those of us here in Britain are not doing anything to stop the terrorist movements. In the end we'll have to change the borders in order to prevent terrorism which was taking the lives of decent innocent people.

Gilbey's: I think so.

and skilled people in Rhodesia today are found within the ranks of the white Rhodesians. But again there is nothing that has been implemented here done. People need to be reminded that Rhodesia was one of the last countries that had to march to come into contact with colonial law, and that was only just before the turn of this century.

Mashunzu: In terms of qualifications, aren't white representatives from your "Council of the House of Assembly"? By definition they have 30 seats and the blacks have 16 and only eight of them are elected.

Gilbey's: True, but that there are more people than black people with the necessary qualifications. But there is one other factor. It is amazing how many

Mashunzu: Do you think that the assassination attempt was undertaken to blacks rather than the whites? I am thinking of the case—less and less of the assassinations in your members of your government, dear Mashunzu. Do you think that blacks are encouraged to enter into relations with the power structure?

South Africa: Well, I think that if the rest of the world—and particularly Britain—would withdraw from the scene, I think that problem would solve itself. That you talk about curfew laws?

Mashunzu: I was reading through the *parliamentary debates* and I came across a speech by Mr. P. K. van der Byl, the minister of defence on July 31, 1973. I found the issue disconcerting. Mr. van der Byl says, "I have no intention of attempting to do anything about this one or for as I am concerned the many curfew breakers who are shot the better, and the sooner that I recall the better." If I were a black I wouldn't welcome that issue.

Gilbey's: But you see how wrong you are. You are misusing this issue against blacks that is not true. I would like you to know that at least 500,000 descendants of former Rhodesians are being killed—most of them black Rhodesians—by barbarians, savages, who are Communists. Communists—discredited and Comintern armed; they are killing and maiming innocent people, women and children. Now, in the operational area we have a curfew, at nightime, in order to protect black Rhodesians, and anybody who violates the curfew, unfortunately, in the receiving end are only black Rhodesians, everybody.

Mashunzu: I have seen on our *newspaper* of whites being killed for breaking the curfew. I have been out with whites breaking the curfew. I have seen a number of blacks being shot though.

Gilbey's: I want to assure you that these absolutely no discrimination in fact in the curfews concerned. Unfortunately, it is a fact that most of the white people are more afraid of whites than they are of blacks. Most of the people live in different areas. The tensions are increasing in the black areas, not in the white areas; therefore, clearly, the curfew breakers will be the people who reside in the area where the tensions are operating. That isn't anything of our choice.

Mashunzu: I have been reading your news. The sedentary population says, in effect, that if a member of the white security forces kills a man, and we might assume in this case he would be a black man, if he were to kill him and if it caused me that he was unaware of all security activity, the indemnity law protects the Security Forces more if he says he was acting in "good faith," that he was helping to defend the nation against terrorism.

Gilbey's: Well, he must prove that he was acting in good faith.

Mashunzu: All he has to do is say no.

Gilbey's: That is not correct. You are implying to conditions. In every case where

I WON'T BE ASSOCIATED
WITH ANY GOVERNMENT
BASED ON COLOR, BE
IT BLACK...OR WHITE

black Rhodesians will say to you, "You know—than a white man's system of government is stronger to us, we have our own system, which is a tribal system, whereby we live through our communities and we are very happy with this system, and quite frankly, when one uses how it works, it is a very good system."

Mashunzu: Be that as it may, what are you really trying to say that the white will not share governmental control?

Gilbey's: I think it depends on whether the black people are prepared to take the initiative to take an interest. This is the crux of the matter.



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there is no incident such as this we have a country divided and one that is at war. And I believe you are overlooking the fact that Rhodesia is not, this is the sort of thing that happened in other countries during the last war. I was in that war and man's was the time that civilians were hurt and killed accidentally as good faith. There was never any suggestion that the soldier concerned did this in bad faith.

Madsen: No, as I understand, Rhodesia is divided before the war is even over.

Sentils: No, I think you are quite wrong there, with due respect. Individually, something goes to the person while the country is in war and we are at war, according to my information, exactly the same thing applied to the Allied countries during the last war. This is what the world is inclined to forget, that we are at war, we are fighting for our lives.

Madsen: I would like you to give me your view of what is happening right now in the war. Is it true the frontiers were breached recently in the northeast and in the south? But in the last word, the terrorists have made their way into the south and now into the northeast. Rhodesia has been attacked on several occasions now, but a counteroffer to the southern and later and northern raids was not accepted by our side, but the outcome was South Africa, either for supply or escape.

Sentils: Well, it is correct to say that the terrorist front has widened, larger than it was. This is quite logical, something that we have anticipated for a long time. Once the Marxist government collapsed, we realized that this would provide an opportunity for the terrorists to move down on our east and our southern border. A logical thing to do, which we would have done had we been in their position. This has now taken place.

Madsen: But they are attacking some countries outside. There is the continuing struggle along the Mozambique border and so what happens if they respect the southern front? Well, we would be obliged to defend ourselves with all those frontiers. Haven't you given a draft date?

Sentils: Well, we have contingency plans for this exact situation, in the same way as we planned for the present extension of the border. I don't know one moment in history that the wider the border, the greater is the effect on one economy and on the same kind of Rhodesian people. But if we have to expand our efforts in order to cope with the situation, I'm sure I could find that the Rhodesians have made up their minds that this is something they accept.

Madsen: There are approximately 270,000 when Rhodesia's frontiers of which front are the New Year, you've lost about half of them in the last month.

Sentils: Well as far as numbers are concerned, I doth believe this is my feeling that should alarm us. To begin with when this terrorist war started in our northeast, we lost more than we did subsequently because, as one preparedness and preven-

tion improved, we managed to get on top of the situation. It is a fact that in these new areas we were not prepared. Well, gradually now, the management and more prepared and I believe that the position should improve.

Madsen: Can you stand along with economic objectives, the economic achievement in the military, defeating all these fronts?

Sentils: As far as coping with the economy is concerned, we have a surprisingly broad-based and wide small economy. I'm pleased to say. The other day an American economist said it was one of the few or the best managed economies in the world. We have got rich resources. Our taxation is still low by comparison with world standards. I think we will have a certain amount of latitude there.



**WE ARE AT WAR, AND
IN WAR INNOCENT
PEOPLE ARE KILLED
IN GOOD FAITH**

Madsen: What happens if they do in the northeast without us?

Sentils: If they went out, of course, it would be terrible, but they won't be out. We will not do that.

Madsen: Do you have military plans above and beyond the kind of bombing mission now going on that you would put into effect if that area were invaded?

Sentils: Yes I think you can say that we still have quite a number of measures up our sleeve. If I may use that expression, and clearly that isn't the sort of thing I'm prepared to discuss in public. You will understand that.



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Great.

Change

husband in the Hitler with his son, *Great Potato*, but he's best known for his former marriage to John F. Kennedy's sister, *Patricia*.

MARRIED **Tammy Wynette**, queen of country music, and **John Tesh**, a local realtor in commercial real estate in Nashville. Wynette, 34, has been married twice before, and has four daughters.

HAPPILY MARRIED **Diana Ross** from her publicist



has charged vinyl (Sennett) as delivered her in a raw sewage. Sennett said after a court language course at the Rockford. Sennett's oldest church which dates from 1868. Royalty from eight countries including King Constantine and Queen Anne-Marie of Greece, Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, and Queen Margareta II of Denmark, and 1,400 other guests attended, while millions more Europe watched on television.

MARRIED

Brent-born, may play soccer Peter Lawford, 52, with Miss America, *Karen Costa, Actress And Costar Of "The April Fools"* and *Deborah Walley*, 27, a former dancer & model, a former member of the Rat Pack (Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr.) because a favorite tele-

hostess. **Robert Bernstein** after a five-year marriage. It was Bernstein's powerful voice and dynamic presence that caused the Supreme Court one of the leading vocal groups of the States. In the five years since he left the Supreme, Ross has established himself as a field performer. She has sold 10 million records in *Love Songs*. The Above-and-Beyond. A recent tour was a bow of three months. She has two more films in the works and a 93-month NBC TV special planned for the fall. She has asked for money and support for herself and the couple's three daughters, Rhonda, Jeze, Tracee, three, and Chantay, eight months.

DEAD **Judge Oliver Carter**, 68, who was Chief Justice of the United States District Court for Northern California and presided over the armed robbery trial of *Pittman*. He was 20 years old at 25 years to be recommended after three months of psychological tests. Another judge will be chosen to do the final sentencing.

DEAD **Jeffrey Hunter**, 66, who, although he could not read music, wrote hundreds of songs and collaborated with many of the most popular composers of the post World War II era. His big breakthrough was *Home, Sweet Home*, was *Lay Lady Lay* and *It's a Long Way To Tipperary*. His other hits include *Moan River*, *Ashley Topaze* and *Santa Fe* and *Days Of Wine And Roses*.

MARSHAL King Carl Gustaf of Sweden, 30, the first reigning Swedish monarch since 1818, and German-born empress *Myriam Pamela Sommerlath*, 32, the daughter of a West German businessman and a Spanish noblewoman. They exchanged vows (Sommerlath delivered her in a raw sewage. Sennett said after a court language course at the Rockford. Sennett's oldest church which dates from 1868. Royalty from eight countries including King Constantine and Queen Anne-Marie of Greece, Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, and Queen Margareta II of Denmark, and 1,400 other guests attended, while millions more Europe watched on television.

MARRIED Brent-born, may play soccer Peter Lawford, 52, with Miss America, *Karen Costa, Actress And Costar Of "The April Fools"* and *Deborah Walley*, 27, a former dancer & model, a former member of the Rat Pack (Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr.) because a favorite tele-

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Letters

The Eaton's idea was good, and the execution even better

I would like to thank Barbara Amiel for Trouble à l'épicerie (May 21). It's unmercifully wronging. I would never have thought that I could bear to read an article on management problems in a department store. However, Amiel's clear engaging style, clever character portraits and fantastic dry wit captured the complexity of her writing techniques, an intelligence and thorough presentation of the basis of the story with a critically observant and quietly humorous style, reminiscent of the acclaimed writers of *The New Yorker*.

IAN MACDONALD, TORONTO

Having been a Montréal good standing for all 28 of my years, Barbara Amiel's reference to Montréalians in Trouble à l'épicerie caused me to chuckle. She states: "But Winnipeg, like Montréal, we expected to walk with our eyes closed down." If I did, I cut our eyes around here in this country, we would find thousands of levels of Montréal's enjoyment of them solidarity and its business-in-itself-is-all-walks-of-life. (Well, maybe not as fashionable models for Eaton's.)

MRS HELEN PARIS-QUIETTE, QC

The truth is also in writing

"When I watch French," says a civil aviation Planning French (May 31), "I automatically drop to the intellectual level of a 12-year-old. I just can't discuss complex subjects in the language." Do you realize that this is also true for French-speaking Canadians when they have to speak English? This not only explains a lot of the misconceptions and prejudice against Quebecers, it also shows why the language program must not be allowed to ac-

cuse and magnify. It is the only alternative to suggesting that existing French is two linguistic regions independent of each other. It also proves that strength and competence cannot be opposed to bilingualism. In a country like ours a bilingual man who is not bilingual is not competent.

ROBERT J. TRIMBLEY, MONTREAL

Public persons and private lives

In your story about Ivan Count (The Right Mind-Of-Patriots, June 28) you refer to us as having "become involved in a public controversy over his promotion of raising stocks before joining the public service."

This statement has no basis whatever in fact. At no time have I had any public or private dispute or difficulty in connection with "the promotion of raising stocks."

There were two law cases launched against me at 1971 by Maurice Macneil,

a former mining associate, in connection with whether I was a member of "oral patriots" which owned a DII (25 percent) of Inco in 1972, when a dry run of the anti-strike legislation was introduced to the Senate; the name Maurice Macneil commenced on advice given to me al-

leging that he had owned him personally about \$140,000 worth of shares in a transaction in which my trustees had given notice that if shares owned by Macneil were sold by a bank, I would replace a portion of them. The aforementioned evidence had been settled with Macneil, and at all times constituted a private legal dispute, having no bearing whatever on my public standing as a member of the Prime Minister's Office.

The "controversy" was the creation of an individual writing for the *Winnipeg*.

Baron, who made unsupported and unsubstantiated assertions to which I fully objected, also in the *Vancouver Sun*, written one week.

I regret that you did not wait yourself for the opportunity to discuss this matter with me.

MARK ALSTON, THE SENATE, OTTAWA

Senator Austin's contention is correct. But the controversy as which Macneil's interests were not settled, nor was it in respect that there had been any ambiguity whatever in his behavior. The reference was to allegations raised in the House of Commons and in the press, to which Senator Austin hasn't responded at the time.

Interest is in the eye of the beholder

Character assassination by inference (sic) has now depth in your Press section story. The Reporter Who Became The Star on a cub reporter's complaint about my tendency to let the interviewees do it. With some prompting, with "What every editor does," she had to admit to it. As the only conclusion an untrained reader could draw was that into his or her pocket, which you carefully and absurdly didn't say of course. You were also stampedeously unfair not to mention that, as I told your reporter, our editor were told by me shortly after it arrived in Brampton last July that such was to get no special treatment because it was a friend of mine. This statement could easily have been checked and one small personal of the Sudbury Star in the past 11 months would have confirmed that those strictures have been followed.

As for the "barbarus" about which you write so poorly so what? Macneil may feel it can't trust its staff and that it's necessary to hire a prima donna and untrustworthy sort of character to do the interviews with. The better way to handle it would be to make the editor responsible for it. For world war heat down, to try to install a sense of pride in their profession as an instrument for whose training I've been responsible and to trust them to have the sense to accept an repeat gifts on the basis of whether or not there are strings attached. No one on this staff has denied that least since I've been here. And I live by the same rules I expect them to follow. To many I don't live up to Macneil's high standards, but once when has Macneil's become the conscience of the nation?

ERIK WATT, EDITOR, THE SUDBURY STAR,
SUDBURY, ONT



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VACATIONS THAT ARE ALL VACATIONS SINCE 1873

Your article, *The Reporter Was Wrong About The Story: Jackson vs. 1970* (May 31), times a disturbing whitewash in the press. Many newspapers sacrifice objectivity and fair reporting for a public relations role. They used publishing articles detrimental to local business or government. Such papers are an anathema to our free press system and serve only to foster mediocre journalism. Every day reporters determine by quick decisions what news the public will receive. Because of their situation, journalists should not avoid situations that perhaps undermine, would tend to do so. For these reasons journalists should not accept assignments. If told Canadian facts "You can't be bought by racists and a couple of perverts" he is, in my opinion, only deluding himself. Has it ever crossed his mind that the reason media never interfered with stories of his master (KAF-TV) might be that they found through cooperative reporters a much more effective way of getting a favorable image? Jackson's stand was not ridiculous. It is the stand any serious journalist should take.

SUSANNE TANQUERAY STUDENT, CALGARY SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, CALGARY

The inherent dangers of censoring too much

We feel that Mr. Morawetz committed a serious error of judgment in allowing Toronto designer Alan Fleming, to review the work of another outstanding Canadian designer, Neil Shulman, who produced a brilliant design for Canada's gift for the American President. (See *Montana Bound*, *Entertainment Weekly* (Books, May 31). Despite our best designs to be objective about the work of another top designer it is like expecting a prima ballerina to comment objectively about the dancing technique of a rival ballerina. Marlene Dietrich was enabled by a few biased and unorganized opinions of the book's worth. LORRAINE MOORE, NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF CANADA, OTTAWA

Getting an upper downrander

What a day! What a day! It's my twenty-first birthday and this morning I opened my birthday present from my parents in Quebec. Among my lovely gifts was a Maclean's—the May 3 issue. Talk about being proud to be a Canadian! Well, I remembered growing up with Maclean's magazine in the house. They were honest and balanced. That new format—content coverage, writing styles, everything—is just simply fantastic. You can hardly see me reading it when it's a trade secret for me no pride of its magnificence! I've been showing it to all these workers [in the newspaper] and they're impressed too. Maybe [it] helps some Canadians realize what a great country we have and when there's what's fine jobs to be done in Canada by Canadians. I'm still grinning!

Keep up the great job you are doing.
TERESA MITSCHING, 1980-81 EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

One for all, and all for one

In your May 31 interview with John Marchand and at struck me forcibly how much Canada owes to the contribution of French-Canadian people. Indeed, Canada becomes more truly Canada with them and the sooner we Anglo-Canadians realize that to much the better. Every two hours of course brings us a new special edition of the creation of Canada, but it would be unfair to say French-Canadian, by terms of status and history, has a very special place in this land worthy of our respect and affection.

TRINNIS DODD, WATERLOO
OLD CROW, YUKON

Keep it separate — teach like separate

Dear Marchand's statement in your interview with him (May 31) regarding French schools at Ottawa is incorrect. He states: "It was impossible to have our children brought up in French because this would mean French school at all." This was education Ottawa's French schools and so wrote both my parents and my husband's parents all over 60 and some of them in their last testaments. I now reside in Lévis, Quebec (just south of Quebec City), and I must say that we certainly are not favored with my English schools at all. Our children must travel 25 miles to and from school every day.

If Marchand is concerned why doesn't he start a move to have the education system changed to be under federal government jurisdiction. All children within Canada would then have an equal chance to have the same kind of education and French and English would be started at the kindergarten level, which is easier to learn any language.

MARIE FAUCETTE, LAURENQUE, QUEBEC

By the bookshelf shall you know her

Kaldor's superb review of Lynn Coady's book *Who's Afraid Of Canadian Culture?* (May 31) is one of the most elegant put-downs I have seen in years. As British as you get in print, Coady appears to know all the books, the Authors, the critics, the literati, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and perhaps a hundred other writers, historians and artists—most of whom come from foreign parts! Coady may be nephrotic. In any case, it would be good to think sometime in her publisher's shop had read closely the French and presented this illustrious Canadian cultural institution.

Coady's reply to Edward Albee reaffirms my sense that she may just be an inverse snob.

BILLY MORRISON, MUSICA, MONTREAL

Oh, if it were only true!

I have just finished reading Ian Urquhart's interview with Claude Taylor (May 31). I am amazed and a little dismayed by a remark Taylor made. When asked why Ani-Canda has recently missed its fares he re-

Gin with a difference
TANQUERAY





"When the company's kind of special."



the beer has got to be Heineken.



It's all a matter of taste.TM

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18a

gived, "Ten or 12 years ago, it took an average secretary a month's salary to buy a ticket from Vancouver to Montreal and back. Today she can buy it on a week's salary. So I make no apologies for putting up surface prices, simply because I think we have had them down for too long."

The price of a one-way economy ticket from Vancouver to Montreal, according to Air Canada, round-trip effective June 12 is \$184. I would like to know who that average secretary is who makes \$184 per week? If that is what Taylor paid his secretary I will apply for the job immediately. The only other conclusion I can come to is that Taylor is taking off the top of his head and I hope for the sake of an average secretary and average workers in general that he has a little more to draw from there.

MIKE KANE/GUPTILA,
FREELANCE WRITER

Speak for yourself, sense

Until recently I appreciated the intelligence and insight that have gone into film criticism, but Matt Jackson's review of *Aladdin's Castle* [May 31] is full of trivial, movie-gang clichés and misleading information. "Jack Palance feels his million-dollar grin" is trivial (although to me it probably any day to a middle-aged man) and he is not the leader of the home invasion. The leader would not say he had to grow cabbages while the others ate to do so.

Profound ideas of Fons, Barroso, and Nucholsen do not make a good review and the "we" point of view commonly does not include us (except for what Jackson says about Michael Butler's photography). "The film that avoided roles off its pedestal in all directions" says to me that in reality each individual has his own choices. Jackson has made "different" synonymous with "indefensible." If it is Barroso's idea to share a caron with his horse and to play the harpsichord, it is in keeping with his playful nature, whimsical and character. An open-minded director and writer would readily agree to ideas such as these and would add additional ones that also could fit in the context of the characters. In my movie *Bedtime for Corduroy* I tried to show no understanding for her role. Her "forbiddingness" is a result of her very special upbringing. Having been told so, she acts like an unadjusted child.

I think Arthur Penn's direction is well executed. The varied scene lengths fit the mood and action of the plot with the scenes changing smoothly throughout. The Three Stooges comedy is very outstanding and I can recall only one filmacy scene during the train robbery that could even come close to that desperation. I failed to notice "that or five minutes" in *Aladdin's Castle*, but I did see four or five important characters—another example of Jackson missing individually for indifference.

LAWRENCE STURDY, VANCOUVER

"What a wise and economical investment my Maytag proved to be," writes Mrs. Effler.

"It has been washing 2 or 3 loads a day since 1962, but repair costs have been surprisingly small."

The marvelous service she has gotten from her Maytag Washer proves to her that quality is the best bargain, according to Mrs. Norma Effler, Winnipeg, Man.

"We bought it shortly after the birth of our first son in 1962, and it has been working hard ever since," she states. It saw all four children through diapers, and today it's as busy as ever, washing everything from jeans and sneakers to permanent-press and delicate things.

Hard as her Maytag Washer has always worked, it has seldom seen the repairman. "Five years ago we added a Maytag Dryer and this also has proved to be a good investment," she adds.

We don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Effler reports. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



 **MAYTAG**
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE



Standing: Mr. Mervin Effler; holding Lisa, Michael, J., AMY, Brian, J.; Tim; Seated: Mrs. Norma Effler; Brian, J. and their dog Nellie.

Beneath all the pious talk of 'keeping the airways safe' is a simple case of racism

Column by John Condit

"It's the airplane I think," said Professor Northrop Frye in CBC-TV's "That has made one crucial difference in the Canadian consciousness." The airplane supplied a perspective that began to pull the country together." Frye may be making himself at home these days if it is not the airplane that is uniting the country again. Certainly the people on the flight deck and the people who keep the airplane flying have been uniting the country a part, and in their own responsibility to help stop flying it together.

The Canadian Air Line Pilots Association, which represents the government's liaison with the aviation industry and acts as traffic controller in Quebec, planned in a long statement mailed to *Maclean's* in June that it is neither anti-French nor anti-Quebec only pro-safety. But in the same statement CALPA condescended its partly English-speaking: "In the United States of America there has been no condominium entered by their government, in involves two languages and any aspect of aviation air communication, to serve their French, Spanish or Puerto Rican communities." This Canada's largest province with 1.5 million people of French mother tongue (3.6 million speaking French only), was shown to the status of a Louisiana or Texas fringe population or of an emerging colony, Puerto Rico, which has only 3,435 square miles to fly around. Flight captains know their Canadian geography, but they are already breaking free. Canadian democracy "The freedom to fly" they say. Americans are French Canada by far more than ever, in fact, one of the standard expressions of Anglo-bonhomie.

Quebec was given another dose of the ferocious treatment last March by CALPA's

first vice-president, D. Bruce Yale, in an Ottawa speech he said: "The use of English in the air is a fact of life. It does not discriminate against the French—or no more so than against the Spanish, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Chinese, Germans, Poles, Indians.... Since the dispute is over the use of French in domestic air space, Yale was in effect equating almost five million French Canadians with Canada's most vocal Anglo population."

Anglo-bonhomie also comes packaged as assumption that Quebecers don't speak the real British French. It's hard to tell if the language is being learned in Britain or not. "The French used in Quebec can't even lend itself readily to written interpretation of technical documents," says the safety panel of the Canadian Aerogearments and Space Institute established in Ottawa in 1975. While the panel was thus supporting its unanimous stand against bilingual air traffic control in Quebec, aviation French was being used at five airports there for just that purpose. (A simple explanation for bilingual air traffic control: a pilot identifies his plane or flight in French and gets his landing instructions in French. If he speaks the exchange in English, the tower responds in English.) A small body of highly technical aviation French exists in Canada, in much of the international and aviation organizations in French itself. That French has not been completely standardized for Canadian official use as aviation simply reflects our lagging nature to do so.

Canadian aviators, though bilingual, learned much of their flying in English during and after the war world war. It's not surprising therefore to see the occasional francophone joining the battle against

French in Quebec since Pierre-Guy Charbonneau, a senior Air Canada pilot, wrote a letter to the Montreal Star in 1974 denouncing the world's dream of using French in the cockpit any more than the world's dream of using English to make love. The title command, "gut up," he suggested, might come out in the bowey language of Montréal in "Montréal le premier officiel, viriliste avec l'ébègueuse de naître la trahie d'arrimage." Captain Charbonneau was put straight a few weeks later by lesser writer Daniel Devora: "Remember this," would do, be said (and never pilot suggested) to a woman in a bar, "by getting to make love in English, Charbonneau could be winning men on a grand front."

A widely quoted but often-cited French in the skin over Quebec is a letter to the editor of *Aircraft Work And Space Technology* from a retired U.S. admiral, A. Ross Johnson, controller, wrote Von Adelard Allen M. Shantz, who headed a U.S. navy inquiry, put a liaison nc-3 and a U.S. navy nc-6 on a collision course speaking Portuguese in the nc-3 and English in the nc-6. He recognized his error, in point failed to warn the nc-3 and instead to call the nc-6—too late to avert a smash owing all lives. Had the exchange with both planes been in English, many crew might have known where the other was.

An essential detail is added out of the admiral's letter in version distributed by CALPA. The liaison officer was a graduate in naval flight from a pilot school. Also, the tragedy occurred in the days of the first age when air traffic control was less sophisticated. No wonder in an international airport today would be floundering around with an English phrase book. And Quebec's bilingual coordination have to rig out English every working day.

The day of his election to CALPA president in 1974, Ken Miley offered the pithily: "English is the international language of aviation." In his short and had answer to the bilingualists chapter. The singer has been produced on foreign streets and harvested from airplanes. It belongs to the syndrome that turns Quebec to a foreign land. There are other languages of an even, endearing sort that are international. The hand-to English as an indispensable alternative for flight crossing. Language seems long since been won. What we're looking at here is a bit of the old Canadian wisdom. Until that is fixed, Professor Frye's airplane hasn't a chance of pulling the country together.

John Condit is a bilingual British Columbia, a jinx once wrote on crumple.

MICHAEL GOODMAN/WHITE ELEPHANT LTD



The White Elephant

(Ginless; white cream de cacao; 30% alc.)

This drink is ugly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without giggling. Otherwise, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agree on the Simmoff! We agree on the come-on cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version won hands down. "Delicious," tastes told us. "You hardly know you're drinking liquor!"

That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place! and the people who had opposed milk in the first place: "It goes down too easy!"



There's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 2 oz. of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So,

hopefully you'll taste it (and yourself) with respect.

To make a White Elephant:

Pour 1 oz. Simmoff, 1 oz. white cream de cacao and 3 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Simmoff

It leaves you breathless.



Preview

The breadbasket runneth over—and just in the nick of time

Europe is in drought; western Canada is suffering almost daily rains, but the Prime Minister has compared it to produce one of the greatest wheat crops of the century. And the grain prices have risen two weeks ahead of schedule, and those same laws control export pricing conditions. In Saskatchewan alone, the prediction is that the wheat yield per acre will average 36 bushels (compared to 28 bushels per acre since 1966), and with 17.5

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAROCQUE



Harvesting: the year of the big bushel

million acres in production that means a crop of nearly 600 million bushels, and a potential income for Saskatchewan growers of more than \$1.5 billion. The 1976 growing year could not have come at a better time for all concerned. The farmers have had a bad couple of years, struggling just to stay even in a Canadian economy that has been experiencing 15 to 19% annual inflation. Oma Lang, the minister responsible for the Wheat Board, announced earlier this year that the government will net 1,500 million bushels of wheat this year, up 200 million bushels from last year, with only 250 million bushels available in the bin, a great 1976 crop bin before them, almost automatically.

Born in radio days, Canadian—and this is hardly news—do not excel in certain sports. Peter Jackson's phenomenal success in baseball, for instance, makes it almost obligatory for Canada's sports pages to identify him as being from Ontario, Ontario, whenever he's mentioned. Great Pressmen driving in another Canadian newsmen, but after the Canadian Grand Prix, which will probably be held at Mont-Tremblant this fall, the newspapers may be finding themselves describing a new world-class driver as being from Berthierville, Quebec. His name is Gilles Villeneuve,



Villeneuve: the fastest Canadian alive

he's 24, and in racing parlance he's breaking "the best slot in the country." In the Formula Atlantic Series enter this year he won five of the races. What's more, he has had no charge of being accused for the Formula One team of "Weiter Wolf," who arrived yesterday from Austria. 20 years ago, and has now won and earned \$2.5 million. Great Pressmen over the next few years. Wolf's current driver is Jackie Ickx of Belgium, but he's getting older and the feet on the accelerator are getting lighter, and for Weiter Wolf, who once wanted to race himself, that won't do.

The red man's horizon Traditionally, and even contemporaneously (as in the case of Jones Bay), the government of Canada has been able to buy off native



Gilles Villeneuve returns to蒙特利尔

people with a chequebook. But this fall, when the Dept. of Native Affairs sits down to bargain land claims with Ottawa, money won't be enough. Nor will promises, or royal commissions, or speeches, or anything else. Done is done; what the Mackenzie Valley Indians and Métis have demanded themselves—will be making a case for their own northern territory, and they can have insisted over future popular decisions. Led by 27-year-old Georges Eustache, newly elected president of the Indian Brotherhood, and Frank Hardy, western Métis leader, Done will be asking for no less than a 450,000-square-mile area with their own government, which would control everything from economic development to liquor policy, within their limits. They know it is not known to be wise to start that off. Judd Buchanan, the Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, has called the original Delta Declaration "pigdoggedly" any grade II road could have ground out in 15 minutes. "The Indian Brotherhood and the Métis Association of West," who issued it, then called it to the Prime Minister to stamp Buchanan, which he will likely do in a cabinet shuffle later in the summer.

The alligator If there was a way to stay mosquitoes from biting, it would probably be worth \$15.95, and the commercial that appeared for the Electronic Mosquito Repeller



on Edmonton television would be a godsend. However, the federal government stands uninterested and is taking no further action on the device until August 15. The charge is that of inadequate testing and safety under the Consumer Protection Act. It may be only the first of a number of such legal actions, because the company is appealing repeatedly to the courts of the province, as well as to Ottawa. Dr. F. J. Carter, chairman of the Canadian Committee on Biologic Test (no kidding) insists, however, that "there is no electronic gadget you can put in your pocket right now to prevent you from being bitten." One of his researchers visited a Winnipeg growing out night with another electronic gadget, one that attracts and traps mosquitoes with an electric grid. His guess was that for every mosquito the grid gets about a dozen get away.

Get a taste of independence.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — except inhaling. Average per cigarette: King Size, 29 mg "tar," 1.3 mg nicotine.



Canada

A nation divided against itself

In retrospect, it was fitting that elaborate Parliament Hill ceremonies to mark July 1, the anniversary of Canadian confederation, were canceled last year because of economic reasons rather than war or peace. Not for many years had the French and English-speaking communities been so bitterly divided—and the division went to the heart of Pierre Trudeau's cabinet. Never in his eight years in office had Trudeau's political values often been so stunningly violated. Suddenly, there were mounting doubts about the country's will to hold together.

The nightmare started when Transport Minister Jean Lang signed an agreement June 28 with provincial and territorial controllers after a one-day strike over the issue of bilingual air services at Quebec airports. In the end, the only accomplishment seemed to be that travel remained an issue for the opening of the Montreal Olympics. The atmosphere was charged as quickly

"Montreal needs a week before the advertising campaign of the Quebecois can realize we are strong or Canada can't afford the Trudeau administration to point to the division of Quebec in its foreign policy," said Quebec's Foreign Minister, Daniel Johnson. "The jockeying for position between Ottawa and Quebec has driven us because New Zealand demanded by May 25 a decision for whether its own national airline may play in Quebec after the summer. Having a harmonious stampede by the provinces, I think, would have wiped out the congressional conference between Robert Bourassa and John Turner. New Zealand is one of the 10 countries which gave us the most of the currency now."

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involving French in English Canada that the government was more concerned over bilingualism than war safety. English Canada may have been temporarily salved, but French Canada spewed a massive opposition to what was seen as a tribute to francophone uprisings in one of two languages at home. The "recommendation of unification" signed by Lang and the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association (CATCA) and the Canadian Air Line Pilots' Association (CALPA) reflected the new era of French-speaking pilots and controllers (represented by their own Association des Géants de l'Air du Québec), to be masked as advance agents two-language services at Quebec.

In Ottawa, French ministers also felt that Lang's agreement was loaded with stipulations that were unfavorable in the cause of bilingualism. CATCA, among other things, was allowed to oppose the third judge named to a commission of inquiry that will evaluate a transport measure on the safety of two-language control in Montreal (see box). The government, however, maintained its right to bring in bilingual air control only if the judges write a unanimous report.

The most dramatic protest by far came with Jean Marchand's resignation as Environment Minister on the grounds that "I could not sit as a government minister prepared to negotiate bilingualism." Though it broke publicly with existing空气 policies, Marchand's departure followed a series of emotional meetings within the Trudeau government. At a meeting of a cabinet committee following Lang's disclosure of the stalemate with CATCA and CALPA, Marchand assured Lester B. Pearson he would quit and give the ministerial reins to change of mind. And then, at a special evening meeting of the Quebec Liberal caucus—a unique gathering of the family—Marchand turned the floor over to Marchand. At first, Marchand spoke of the accomplishments of the past 10 years in Ottawa by French-Canadian federalists. Then he gabbled on his hand-typed, tear of recognition and read it aloud. For most of the next two hours, individual MPs rose in an attempt to persuade Marchand to stay.

Marchand's caustic tirades are incomprehensible



English only spoken here—with near-calamitous results



Air traffic controllers at Dorval just say it in English and hope for the best

At Montreal's busy Dorval airport, the pilot of a small Cessna enroute vents to take off. Clarity of regulations, the French-speaking pilot is obviously used to and prepared for negotiations in English. "Though it broke publicly with existing air policies, Marchand's departure followed a series of emotional meetings within the Trudeau government. At a meeting of a cabinet committee following Lang's disclosure of the stalemate with CATCA and CALPA, Marchand assured Lester B. Pearson he would quit and give the ministerial reins to change of mind. And then, at a special evening meeting of the Quebec Liberal caucus—a unique gathering of the family—Marchand turned the floor over to Marchand. At first, Marchand spoke of the accomplishments of the past 10 years in Ottawa by French-Canadian federalists. Then he gabbled on his hand-typed, tear of recognition and read it aloud. For most of the next two hours, individual MPs rose in an attempt to persuade Marchand to stay.

The incident occurred in early July at Dorval in a focal point of the explosive controversy over bilingualism in the air. Elsewhere in the country, air controllers may be inclined to dismiss arguments supporting bilingualism as well as a British airbus. At Dorval, however, another element has to be added. "My other element has to do with the system," says a controller who works in the Ottawa area. "You are making it inherently less safe by adding confusion"—but many Dorval controllers, both French- and English-speaking, are convinced that French actually repels error. In issuing instructions to some transatlantic pilots, says an English-speaking controller, "we're never sure whether he's understood or not."

Every day at Dorval, about 25 air con-

trollers—half of them French-speaking but bilingual—maneuver approximately 600 planes in and out of the export. In addition to commercial flights, controllers have to cope with pilots from the small flying clubs near Montreal who fly to Dorval (unless they can't say they've landed there). With the approach of the Montreal Olympics, extra security requirements—including two landing strips—were in force at the Dorval tower to prevent a possible take-over by terrorists; controllers had the extra duty of venturing planes away from the security zone covering the Olympic site itself. Inside the spacious, carpeted control room, a relieved, wearied-looking mood lingers. "But now we're getting a lot of traffic from the transatlantic community to come in to Dorval," says a controller who works in the Ottawa area. "Following last month's nonstop air strike over the issue, French-speaking controllers have to work harder to make themselves understood." The strike, says one controller, is still 15 months away but the technical aspects of a problem that has become a highly charged political issue. "We need a longer time to say this is five years before we can know for sure," he says. Otherwise, "it is quite possible we could end up by not having a complete picture."

Dorval controllers have a ready supply

of stories to drive on in defense of bilingual air services in Quebec. The main problem, they say, is not with airline pilots—who must know English—but French-speaking air traffic controllers. Controller Jean Laporte, who has been with the Canadian Civil Aviation Commission since 1965, who took off from Dorval without clearance because he could not speak English. "That kind of thing is really dangerous," says Laporte. "He'd get in the way of an incoming jet." Laporte left, shrugging helplessly. Under existing regulations at Dorval, pilots speak English to French-speaking controllers. Small plane pilots who receive instructions from controllers in English say Laporte will "speak broken English and answer Roger. But we're French and we know dam well that TSN haven't understood it word." Some French-speaking controllers have no choice but to break the rules. "Last week," lied a guy coming in who couldn't speak any English," says Daniel Hermann. "But brought him in French. What was I supposed to do? Have him wait?" Laporte says. "It's a very bad idea to let a pilot out of service if he keeps going in the general way of the two big planes. So I tell the guys we're French and we're talking to them in French. It's helping the big planes."

In an attempt to resolve these problems, the federal government's former joint committee will be given over. In August the 18-month study of the feasibility of bilingual air traffic control, set up by the Ministry of Transport in a reported cost of \$4.2 million. Controllers, engineers, programmers, technicians and support staff will work inside a simulated air control center with computerized equipment that can duplicate any kind of a situation that might occur over a Canadian airport. Controllers, running simulated radar, altitude and time displays will run through track control procedures with "pilots" in an adjacent room. Eventually, a full-scale bilingual air control model will be established at Dorval, with a second control tower to handle the increased traffic expected in a Quebec airport. The strip, says one controller, is still 15 months away but the technical aspects of a problem that has become a highly charged political issue. "We need a longer time to say this is five years before we can know for sure," he says. Otherwise, "it is quite possible we could end up by not having a complete picture."

JANET MADDEN & JEAN LAROCHE

box who died in 1965 to assist federal politics and make the French presence felt in the capital. Trudeau's feelings were perhaps most clearly revealed when Pelletier arrived on official business and the day Marchand resigned and was succeeded on the crisis. Trudeau advised Pierre Jasmin was also active in the crisis.

The reunion was part of Trudeau's al-

tempt to put his bilingualism policy back together. He left no doubt of his mind at the weekly Liberal caucus meeting July 7. Stung by the government's evident failure to sell the policy, Trudeau signed passionately that the party was now meant "a massive effort to win acceptance." Otherwise, said one member, "we sit on our hands and pack it up." Said Jean Chretien, President of the Treasury Board: "Perhaps as a party we let the bilingual issue go. I think it's wrong." Added Lévesque: "A commitment in the House of Commons and in a limited circle is not enough. There needs to be broader understanding of what the policy is and what it is not. When you start offering people either directly a job or indirectly in their lives, they'll have patience." Thus once Ottawa's done to tell bilingualists will be different. English-speaking Liberals, rather than their francophone colleagues, have been ordered to carry the fight to English Canada. "We are going to carry the burden of selling bilingualism in English and French Canada on my back anyway," declared a senior French-speaking cabinet member. "I'll speak in Quebec from now on."

Given the government's few strokes in the polls and considerable anti-Trudeau sentiment in English Canada, the question was whether or not the Liberals could succeed. Trudeau failed at the effort by accepting a long-standing suggestion to take part in a hot-line radio Canada interview, during which he was questioned by three French-language journalists. That, he argued, if nothing else, he had, could not be negotiating without strong support in Quebec and Ontario. "We need to have Quebecers believe as bilingualists," he submitted. Any negotiation, he said, that French was a language right for Quebec and English for the rest of Canada "would be the end of the country," that dual bilingualism could prevent separation. Questioned by the editors, who were skeptical of the air agreement, Trudeau conceded that he had not been consulted by Lang on such specifics in the proposed free vote in parliament that would determine the ultimate fate of bilingual services (for the time of the negotiations, the PM was as Puerto Rico for an economic summit meeting). In fact, Trudeau allowed, "I don't believe in free votes. I feel that things should have been done differently, but I wasn't the negotiator." Yet he steadily defended Lang's handling of the situation, calling him one of the strongest defenders of bilingualism among his English-speaking supporters.

In related sense, that a national crisis could develop over an attempt to impose such a system of air traffic control that is used in much of the world. The International Civil Aviation Organization stipulates that all ground communications be in the local language, but that English—the language of the airlines—should be available. In Canada, the regular use of any language other than English has only



been permitted in five smaller Quebec airports. Sept-Îles, Baie-Comeau, Quebec City, St. Jean and St.-Hilaire, which are allowed to use French. With the growth of private aviation and the proliferation in recent years of francophones in Quebec, pressure had mounted to expand two-language services to Montreal. As the government studied the problem, a year of review developed. Two controllers were suspended in Montreal last December for using French while English aviation personnel spread horror stories about the alleged safety hazards involved in the use of two languages—stories而已ly played up by the media. Concern over safety triggered by the case of Montreal's downtown McGill station, right into the bedrooms of English speakers. Finally, with the arrival of Senegalese President Léopold Sédar Senghor, police controllers made a noisy debut. At a height of 30 below, Harley-Davidson harried through the city downtown, while a helicopter hoisted him precariously above. Then, as Montrealers brought up on a tradition of ego and rebellion, it was a big mess. Police explained that it was only a dry run—but the President was using a translator for Queen Elizabeth as the police prepared for her upcoming visit (as expected, it was still pitch dark for the army of security forces organized to guard the Montreal Olympics during the biggest-ever security operation).

At a cost of about \$400 million—or about \$100,000 per airline—air traffic control was overwhelmed enough to rattle Canada's long-standing pride in

"the case [for bilingual control] will be irresistible." As it is, major regional airports of the nation lie ahead. The case already has done damage, noted a French-speaking friend, that "will take years to recover."

ROBERT LEWIS

MONTREAL

The very dangerous games

For weeks helicopters buzzed from the skies above Montreal, examining security positions and disturbing afternoon naps. Giant red tents flanking Olympic Stadiums became through the night and, at the end of Montreal's downtown McGill station, right into the bedrooms of English speakers. Finally, with the arrival of Senegalese President Léopold Sédar Senghor, police controllers made a noisy debut. At a height of 30 below, Harley-Davidson harried through the city downtown, while a helicopter hoisted him precariously above. Then, as Montrealers brought up on a tradition of ego and rebellion, it was a big mess. Police explained that it was only a dry run—but the President was using a translator for Queen Elizabeth as the police prepared for her upcoming visit (as expected, it was still pitch dark for the army of security forces organized to guard the Montreal Olympics during the biggest-ever security operation).

At a cost of about \$400 million—or about \$100,000 per airline—air traffic control was overwhelmed enough to rattle Canada's long-standing pride in

its own peril. They traveled in buses armed with armed soldiers, and were arrested in Olympic villages ringed with high fences, patrolled by jeeps and surveyed by helicopter. Some national items, for example the hotel, were fined reprimands for their mean airborne friends, but their own security agents with them—though they were not allowed to carry guns. How do you protect an athlete intent on going out on the town? "We can't protect them all the time," admitted senior Inspector Vincent Radigue. "But we would not let an assassination-suspect group such as the [Ku Klux Klan] get outside."

The following day, prepared to anything,

from snatching athletes to randomly massacred participants to blowing banks (mobile hospital and mortuary were there to rock us if the players got hit), an elite 60-man anti-terrorist squad stood by in Montreal equipped with \$200,000 worth of gear, including 33,000 napkins, two 33,000 Star-Tac telescopes, bullet-proof vests and a mobile command unit. "We have never been so prepared to do our job," said Quebec Police Force chief inspector Yves Arseneau. "But security is a myth. We can prepare for all sorts of things but we are vulnerable."

In the post-Munich Olympic村, when the police most feared was a repetition of the terrorist attack that killed 11 Israeli athletes in 1972. At the 11,600-odd Olympic offices and officials began to enter the country, they were welcomed into "security corridor" from which they could emerge at

any time. More than 16,000 armed men were recruited from the Maritimes, Quebec and Ontario police forces and from the Armed Forces. Mail was checked for bombs. Backed up border patrols secured back roads from Ontario to New Brunswick. Armed with a special immigration act, border officials could turn back any suspicious-looking strangers. Everywhere the Olympic visitor turned, along the perimeter from key airports—where high stand surveillance had the side effect of leading to a shortage of Europeans—to all 23 Olympic sites and major power installations, he could expect rings of gear with its CI often present.

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any time. The Second Battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment from Gagetown, NB, billeted in east-end schools, monitored local locals watching them. A fleet of jeep would be moving into the neighborhood. After tanning the school into a barracks, complete with officers' mess and regimental silverware and candlesticks, the troops invited locals in to hear their pipe band.

To our realness that Canada may be shocked by the extent of security arrangements. It is still well below what most other countries have provided. For the 1968 games, for example, Mexico had



Hartling and (inset) his former captain, Hartling: a problem of dementia at sea

23,000 police and 30,000 military on land. In March, there were 36,000 troops in Somalia—and who knows, spreading Tora, perhaps if they had been in a vulnerable bridge might have been avoided? Surrounded by telephones that permitted him to talk to all three levels of government as soon as the event of course, Tora gave his orders: "That's all there is left to do!"

ANGELA FERRANTE

HALIFAX

Down to the sea in trouble

They were sailing up past the coast of Newfoundland last weekend, looking for the other discontents of living below decks as the crippled engine of a sailing ship blew it when Nova Scotia's headstrong adobe, Blanche II, made a goodwill tour of U.S. east coast ports this summer, crew members drew the line at a different kind of displaced autonomy—having to take orders from a Cleveland sailor who was a friend of the ship's skipper. The result was a near mutiny in which the crew insisted that the lady would have to go—or they would. By the time the affair ended life aboard, the sailor had been coaxed off the ship. Captain Ernest Hartling had been relieved of his command and the Blanche's wheel steward had resigned in protest.

The mutiny was the latest in a series of episodes that have taken the shipowner's image for a spin since a take-over bid five years ago by Halifax's Oldsalt brewing

family. When the ship vacated U.S. and Canadian Great Lakes ports last summer it stirred unfavorable publicity about the crew's unruly behavior. The admiral said it clear that this year's goodwill tour to the United States was to be different. Unlike last year, there was to be no excessive drinking, no cowboy beers on deck or shipped via tank on the ship's quantifying but otherwise and under for the hundreds of sailors and crew expected aboard.

At first, all went well. But after a series of dangerous, wayward runs last May, Mrs. Mary Smith, a 46-year-old mother of seven, joined the ship in Norfolk, Virginia, as a guest of Nova Scotia's Hartling. Officially, only women are allowed to accompany Blanche's crew when the ship is on tour. But Mr. Hartling, 74, chose to stay home in Dartmouth, N.S., and death, who first visited the ship a year ago in Cleveland, was introduced to rotator as partner by Hartling. Hartling insists that Smith was, however, a guest who "behaved as such" and that he'd been encouraged to invite people abroad as part of his public relations duties. Other women aboard were the wife of Capt. Engleman Clyde Hoban and Maxine MacDonald, a guest of Capt. Stewart Gerald Porter. Porter's decision was shown the fastest, but—according to a source who was along for the voyage—Smith seemed to expect real carpet treatment. "She was the cause of all the trouble," said the source. "Whatever she wanted, she had to have it, whether it was more ice for her smoothie or a special straw-

berry shakeups or snoring. She always had to be king of the castle. She bosses everyone around. Her only son was very much against her." When the ship was between ports, Smith reportedly would carry a chair and ice bucket ashore and take up station near Hartling, a very senior seafarer who is headover and will land. Once the ship had up, a car would be hired and Smith and Hartling would disappear. "We didn't see them for hours, which also caused a lot of problems and resentment," said the source. "At Moncton, the ship had to be moved. They avoided the captain, but he wasn't there." Hartling, calling his dismissal "injustified, said some of the crew had ever complained to him personally about Smith.

The friction over Smith seemed to grow like Topsy, however, and did not cease when the added two of her seven children to the sailors' roster. Her sons even brought along a U.S. Air Force Bradley. By their word, had tried to get to Halifax that all was not well aboard Blanche II. Deputy Transport Minister William Duthie, who was asked to see the two sons and their military ordnance, was given just enough time to get a good look aboard the ship. All the women were sold to go home. Mary Smith was apparently not easily deterred. When Nova Scotia's Transport Minister Maurice Delaney heard that she had been back on board, he decided on drastic action. Hartling was fired while the ship was at Philadelphia. With Capt. Andrew Thomson unwilling to return to sailing waters, the Blanche then sailed on to New York City, where an estimated six million people lined the shore to see the sailpast of the ship in honour of the U.S. Bicentennial.

LINDY WATKINS

Ottawa

The nation's grinding business

When the Senate sat in 1957, the first post-Confederation deliberations by the legislative assembly ended only 83 days apart from the House of Commons' 75 and 73 days. Since then, the list of parliamentary grinds has grown considerably more tedious. As the last session of the Bicentennial parliament wound to a close this month, MPs were apprezzing a 256-day string (previous record 254 days) and according to Liberal House Leader Mitchell Sharp, the record showed that parliament had "performed miserably." It was a great demonstration of parliament in action? Yet as weary folk bristle for their summer vacation, there was a growing sense that parliament is still woefully inefficient and that further reform of its arachne roles is long overdue. In the view of Ged Baldwin, veteran of 18 years in the Commons, "Democracy has got to work, but it has to—just too long, it is too repetitive, it is too thick, it is too sterile. It does not do its job."

The legislature of the Commonwealth nevertheless managed to pass a record 102 pieces of legislation on the 174 bills introduced by the Trudeau government. Of



Sharp: time, parchment, please

the laws passed, perhaps the most controversial was the law to go through the government's bill on debate hours. After protracted and sometimes bitter debate between the house and its senators, the Commons voted to conclude an argument that has been going on since at least 1966—when a similar bill was defeated—and end special prerogatives of Canadian law.

On the economic front, legislation during the session included a bill to impose wage and price controls, which was passed and then abandoned five months later to permit opposition ratings by the Anti-Inflation Board. Bill 101 revisited was the Supreme Court of Canada's ruling on the constitutionality of controls. Parliament accompanied "twins from Ottawa" to constitutional court and to establish Petro-Canada, the government's petrochemical company. A

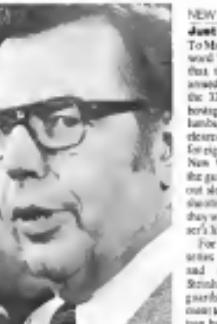
new corporation law requiring, among other things, that a majority of board members of federally incorporated companies be Canadian; a women's rights bill that took account of federal status, and an improved family maintenance program to provide incentives for childless couples to have families. Ottawa also extended the age pension to cover spouses when help is needed, and provided a \$300 grant for fire-free home buyers. Both a number of government measures, proposed during the last election campaign, were either delayed for the long being or dropped. Among these was a proposal to establish a Canadian Passenger Transport Corp. that would run bus routes (19) and passenger, a loan system, urban for the working poor, who often find it hard to get money from banks, and a plan to provide the buyout of new houses with the kind of warranty protection that car buyers get.

Other bills—excluding proposals to tighten gun laws, soften the laws against usury, propose a moratorium and to establish a national energy—energy audit board—were passed. "Every time we get a bill, it is like the last one," says Sharp. "It is the problem that we get bills." Sharp adds that the Senate may change their approach if they would just realize that they might eventually form a government. "Out of the reason we have not made as much progress in our rules as, say, the British," says Sharp, "is that the opposition has concluded that it is always going to be the opposition." In the meantime, the government may go ahead with one reform—the gradual introduction of television cameras in parliament—in the hope that that may, in turn, force other changes. "The power of the electronic media," predicts Sharp, "will be seen to be far more effective than that of press and of numbers. If no reforms their institutions, they may well expect the public to reform their institution."

IAN CHURCHILL



Baldwin and Blaken: better to banish bad habits than to smear an adversary



NEW WESTMINSTER

Just a death by inadvertence

To many, Michael Stenhouse's identification with the death of his son, 19-year-old Ged, will be the memory of a man in a mask of avoid prison guards, who shot and killed the 12-year-old prison worker during a hostage-taking incident at the British Columbia penitentiary last summer, were shared by all. After deliberating for eight hours a coroner's inquest jury in New Westminster ruled that death but the guard, none of whom had been subjected to 30 hours at the time of the shooting, was "in the heat of battle" that they were doing so "to save Miss Stenhouse's life."

For more than a year, through a series of legal proceedings, speculation and anxiety had swirled around Stenhouse's death at the hands of the guard because of his passionate commitment to prison reform; the implicit suggestion had been that his son had caused her the death of other, less liberal prison



Steinmeier with **Bremer** killed by a gun; only guards had guns; ergo, "an accident"

studies. Her death came after 15 pianists were taken hostage by three hardened criminals and held for 41 terrifying hours. One of the prisoners, 36-year-old Andy Bentz — who was behaved like a go-go dancer for an hour before being cut up for the mad gang while holding a knife to Steinhauer's throat.

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The engineer at the North

For the future of the Canadian Arctic, one of the crucial unsettled issues is just who precisely owns it. Ottawa and the northern



Building a Test that shows and proves what you want to prove

would never really amount to anything.

As part of the emergency war effort, Canada in 1942 gave the United States permission to build a 600-mile pipeline from Norman Wells in the Northwest Territories to Whitehorse in the Yukon. The Americans spent \$135 million on the project before developing the gas field was no longer strategic. Ottawa, which had originally insisted that the pipeline be built by Canadian contractors, decided to let it go to the Americans. The pipeline did not work. The Woodlark gas field was discovered in 1947 for \$130,000 to provide U.S. gas to Alaska. After taking what they wanted, the U.S. firms in turn sold what was left for \$300,000 to Petroleum Sales and Engineers of Woodlark, Alberta, who sold it in 1968 to Bechtel's company, Barberhans Enterprises, for an undispaged sum.

The conflict now centers on just what was really bought. Canada government officials say that he bought only the mineral rights of an abandoned pipeline. Black claims he also bought the exploration and drilling rights because his company transferred them to the United States as part of the pipeline project. One local Black says that he should have more control over development and mineral rights because the area was originally bounded by the Arctic coast and the 60th parallel. But his two statements fit into state-of-the-art declarations of interest—a square 600,000-square-mile tract of the north were adjusted after the Territorial Supreme Court ruled that the area would have to be described as proper legal and geographical terms. The Athabasca bears Black, a successful contractor, still has an undivided ownership in the land he spent \$20,000 per year since he bought it and given up his business and now

human to pursue it. "It's all private property," admits Borla of the territory he seeks. "The government will have to figure something out." —NEILIANE ZWART

...and free, or is there a fee?

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going to do about it?



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Let the games begin

A preview of the XXI Olympiad by Michael Posner

In April 1896, in the first modern reincarnation of the ancient Olympic Games, an Australian named Flack ran 1,500 metres in the spectacular time of four minutes 33.2 seconds. He won a gold medal. There was no television to cover the event, nor radio, and it was weeks before word of his achievement was printed in newspapers around the world. The Olympics are not like that anymore. Flack's once sensational time has faded into utter mediocrity, a performance any serious runner today could beat while reading *The Gulag Archipelago*. Time and anabolic steroids have conspired to treat the rest of the old records with similar contempt.

But the Olympics have changed in other ways, too. What Pierre de Frédy, Baron de Coubertin, resurrected at Athens in 1896 was a county fair compared to the extravaganza about to be unscripted in Montreal. In 1896, there were 313 athletes from 13 nations, competing for a total audience of 60,000. Eighty years later, the Games of the XXI Olympiad have become an affair of planetary proportions, and Coubertin would probably stir in his mausoleum could he see them. Preceded by the public expenditure of more than a billion dollars, the building of stadia, velodromes, housing developments, the Olympics have grown into the world's most talked about chronicled and photographed assembly, attended with the whisper of a royal coronation, the tension of a moon landing and the theatre of a presidential election. A real-life fantasy for cynic and aficionado alike, they have become at once the most hated and most loved event of the modern age. Hated for their indecent costs, their slav-

ish promotion of nationalism. Loved for all that is best in athletic competition—sport rendered into art by the grace of excellence.

The modern games have also altered the concept of amateurism, once the foundation of Olympic principles. Now, to talk of amateurism is to talk of semantics, or fossils. Whether they come from Nebraska or Novosibirsk, the 9,246 athletes convened in Montreal are distinguished only by their talent and degrees of professionalism. In one form or another—scholarships, jobs, incentives, loans, travel expenses—each nation sustains its own. The subsidy is a fact of athletic life, as universal as Adidas; today, the only true amateur is a Sunday golfer.

Baron Coubertin liked to repeat, a little too frequently perhaps, that winning medals wasn't the point of the Olympics. It's the participating that counts, the taking part—an agreeable sort of sentiment of the kind that turns up in books sold in stationery stores. Coubertin was wrong, of course. Winning—especially against the world's best athletes—is all that counts. "First to first and second is nowhere," British distance runner Ian Stewart said recently. "This country is full of good losers. It's bloody good winners that we want." Stewart might just as well have been speaking of Canada or West Germany or any of the 115 nations sending delegations to Montreal.

In the following pages, Maclean's looks at some likely winners of, and the best competitions for, the incomparable Olympic gold medal. For better or worse, for peace or anarchy, for profit or loss, the games are go.

Walker vs. Bayi: The race of the century

It will be eleven o'clock on the morning in Auckland, midnight in Durban, Suva—and five in the afternoon in Montreal—when New Zealand's John Walker and Tanzania's Fidelis Bayi go up for start of the men's 1,500-meter final. To beat heat and his record, I can't guarantee. I'm going to have to follow him, and then outpace him at the finish. That's a big difference between chasing and following."

Most of the world's fans have given up chasing other men. Bayi's front-closing race and Walker's powerful finishing kick have revolutionized the race. Some coaches have recognized their inability to win at the pace Bayi and Walker set and have moved up to the 5,000 meters where the odds are more favorable. That strategy, in turn, has pushed former 5,000-meter specialists into the 10,000-meter and turned 40,000-meterers into 15,000-meterists.

The world's specialties of world track has been shared by two men. It would be hard to find two more dissimilar individuals. John Walker was raised on a 150-acre farm in Roxburgh, South Australia, and spent his formative years running barefoot and chasing. When he was 25, a virtual unknown, his name was scarcely uttered by a friend in the New Zealand 100-meter Olympic team, too late to withdraw when he found out Walker and son won but was left off the team that went to Munich. After that, he dedicated himself to track with passion, never to be pained again. An energetic extrovert with an adored eye for the ladies (Bayi, a good friend, once asked her about a walk home in Tauranga, "A great girl"), he is a positive cheerleader, beamed a dozen times as he sauntered in Goteborg, Sweden, last year. Walker has been

known to spend the night before an important race doing the rounds in some nearby discotheque. "I just want the sort of life any 25-year-old wants to lead," he says.

At six feet one inch, one of the tallest of the world's competitive sprinters, he has the square-jawed toughness of Kirk Douglas. He is on their devices, not dissolved too deep. He knows exactly what he wants, and usually finds a way to get it.

Walker's Fidelis Bayi is prepared to see his comrade Walker's most promising trait as something another master, Bayi (in Arabic his name is Habib) also spent his early years chasing animals, but there the similarities end. Bayi, whose dried bellies he was born, grew up in a refined atmosphere, 6,000 feet above sea level in the village of Kilimani, 130 miles from Mount Kilimanjaro. The area was not a wildlife haven for sport, Bayi adopted豪猪. "I had to show stones in one race. We were on our way to school, and we saw a豪猪. We took it and ate it." A tall, thin, dark-skinned man from Tanzania, Bayi is 27, a virtual unknown, his name was scarcely uttered by a friend in the New Zealand 100-meter Olympic team, too late to withdraw when he found out Walker and son won but was left off the team that went to Munich. After that, he dedicated himself to track with passion, never to be pained again. An energetic extrovert with an adored eye for the ladies (Bayi, a good friend, once asked her about a walk home in Tauranga, "A great girl"), he is a positive cheerleader, beamed a dozen times as he sauntered in Goteborg, Sweden, last year. Walker has been known to spend the night before an important race doing the rounds in some nearby discotheque. "I just want the sort of life any 25-year-old wants to lead," he says.

love to dominate the Olympics so completely that second place is four inches behind me. I like to jump seven feet."

The marathon and Frank Shorter

Legend records that a Greek named Pheidippides had the ill fortune to run history's first marathon. In the year 900 B.C., he ran 26 miles to warn Athens against the invading Persians another 24 miles to report news of the victory, and then he dropped dead. The narration has changed since then, but not much. At 26 miles, 385 yards, it will be the Olympics' oldest event, growing fast, a race demanding as much of the mind as of the body. One former runner describes it as two hours of pain and 10 or 12 minutes of pure torture. At nearly every point, the impulse to stop is overwhelming. Crippled by cramps, fatigue, blunted vision, hypoglycemia (sugar) depletes and stops those who succumb. The wonder is that some don't.

Medical science says the average human body can produce 2,000 calories for energy consumption, running consumes about 1000 calories an mile. After 20 miles, however, the body begins to burn fat, and after that, fat stores are fueled by a 15-power glucose (glycogen), the Greek word for an event of this kind was agony.

Dwight Stones: jump high, talk big

In the noisy cities of American track and field, it is known as the Tower of Hable, a six-foot-five-inch monument of self-love. Given the opportunity, it is said he could after 2,000 or 3,000 flattening words on his own behalf without ever coming up for air. Dwight Stones, the man his fellow jumpers refer to as two legs and a mouth, is at 22 indisputably the world's best high jumper—ever. Three weeks before his men's track championships in Pennsylvania, Stones was asked for a quote that might help sell a few tickets. He obliged. "Tell the fans I am planning to break the world record," he said. "I have feet 6½ inches long, and I can do a triple or a break that spread over 63 consecutive stages, the likelihood of his doing so in Pennsylvania was regarded with some skepticism. But 21 days later, his plan for pole vaulting succeeded only by his intent at the relays. Stones honored his word, leaping seven feet seven inches. "It all came together. I felt stronger than ever before, faster than at anything in my life. My coach never said go. My physiologist said go. Suddenly I could look at seven-seven and laugh."

That is the Stones style—brashboyish, arrogant and resourceful. Those who like offense, he says, should consider inventing formulas that he cannot beat. "I'm no longer the invincible 16-year-old boy I was at Munich." The changed ion. "Even his critics, as numerous as the Egyptian army, agree." That's right," says one. "Now he's



High jumper Dwight Stones on see-saw and rising

philosophy. "When we were children, we enter a high-ranking running race and the village in which the race is going to be walking, as God made you."

A smiling 22-year-old bear? Stones does concede that for winning only a bronze medal in '72 was probably for the better. "I was hard enough to live with in '72. I was a gold, I think would have been no sharing me up." One can only speculate what Stones will be like after Montreal. Although he may beat Russia's Semyon Savchenko and two Canadians, Canadian jumper Vancouver's Greg Ley and Montreal's Robert Forst, only a very off day will deprive him of the gold medal. "I'd



Triple jumper Renata Steiner: can she repeat her Munich performance in Montreal?



John Walker (left) and Pitsoo Bayi, the technicians against the cheetahs



England's Olympic trials in May, Ian Thompson—deemed by many the fastest sprinter in the world—faded badly in the last few sprints and finished seventh, missing selection to the British Olympic team. "I could see no way of failing to be in the top three," Thompson said later. "I show how fast you can be thinking you're invincible." In Thompson's defense, the sprints at Montreal logically belongs to Montreal's trackster, who won the men's 100m title in 1976 and has since run the city of his birth, 1980, although he has not yet come up with a personal best since his 1976 win. Thompson's compatriot from Scotland's Louis Vuitton, winner of both the 200m and 100m relay events in Montreal, Australia's undercard, Dave Chislett, fellow Australian Bill Rodgers, winner of the 1975 Boston Marathon and holder of the U.S. record (two hours, nine minutes 35 seconds), and Canada's Jerome Drayton, from Toronto, who has run a 2:10.08.

Shorter, that is, a self-taught prodigy, elusive, ran 125 miles a week, up and down the precipitous ridges of Boulder, Colorado. Apart from a muscle's recuperation from a broken heel three years ago, he has missed, he says, "about 14 days of running in seven years. I think consistency is important. I don't kill myself every day, but I go pretty near my limit. There's no secret. You just gotta do it." There's no secret, either, among a lot of people who if they were to go out and do it all the time, would be better than I am. But maybe that's where their advantage lies. For one thing, I don't have that much of a desire to go out and run every day."

The months are an unrelenting race. There are no fences, no water holes, no grapevines to leap. "It's a basic race," says Shorter. "You just go out there and run like crazy. That's all there is to it. And if you run hard enough and fast enough you win. That's why I like it. They check the gun and the gun goes off and you're first." It is not quite that simple, of course. Sometimes about the middle of the race, for example, Shorter likes to run a fast mile at about 45 minutes, compared to the standard 3½ minutes a-mile pace. To stay close, he has proven in war-turbid runs the same 45-min-

ute mile, taking grave consequences in the final stages of running their own race, hoping Shorter will falter. He will not. He has yet to lose a marathon that he's entered.

Great moments in track and field

Walker Berg, Shuster and Jones will share centre stage in Montreal, but the action in the wings will be a few Emerson 300-metre dashes. At least one should be great. At least one should be terrible. At least one should be brilliant. At least one should be a 20-year-old American discus thrower, Maurice "Mac" Wilkins, who three times in his past three months has established world records, including a 232-foot six-inch throw—almost 26 feet farther than the existing Olympic record. He says all four throws were forced, technically impossible. "After a perfect throw you feel, 'Well I could have put a little more effort into it, it would have gone further.' So you try harder on your next and throw and you throw your racing off. You have to try not to throw too hard to hit the perfect line." The last time Wilkins had a perfect throw, the discus flew only 217 feet. So much for矜持.

The emergence of Wilkins, a high school senior science teacher in Englewood, Oregon, is the world's pleasant surprise. There has never been anyone better—not East Germany's discs before, 21-year-old Wolfgang Schmidts "Mac" 20 years ago, nor so many others. "Mac" is 20 years away from so much promise, says Jim Schmidt, who of course is based. He and Wilkins are good friends, having spent eight nights together, passing the cheap editions of *West Germania*. On such occasions Schmidt is always accompanied by a 16-year-old companion whose function is to ensure that he conducts himself with suitable decorum—and, more to the point, that he doesn't defect. The hovering presence of this duo, East German officials, however, has not deterred the two discs thrown. On one occasion, they kept a Cologne discobrotheque open until 3 a.m., reduced to their last half-fringed flounce, tipped the guard—then returned to more agreeable company. Their objectives at

Montreal will include Wilkins' teammates John Powell, for whom Wilkins has no love ("John Powell is an ass and I have to beat him"), Czechoslovak discus Loušek Dálek, winner of the gold medal at Munich, and two Poles—Przemek Krahuls and Mieczyslaw Tukro.

Considerable attention will also be paid to the Olympic 400- and 800-meters sprint. Until the U.S. Olympic trials last month, American Steve Prefontaine had the fastest times in history and the world record (49.91) four times, and beaten his probable Olympic precompetitors on several occasions. He was even taken considerably of being the first man ever to win four Olympic medals—in the 100-, 200-, 400-, and 1,600-relay events. But Wilkins won't even be in Montreal. Competing at the U.S. trials he pulled a hamstring muscle 80 metres into the second event and finished ninth, failing to qualify. Under the U.S. selection system, all that counts is your performance at the trials; everything else is rumor. Wilbert Williams, the sprinter at a open session, Russia's Valery Borzov, winner of the gold medal in both the 100 and 200 events at Munich, is apparently healthy and in top form. (He too pulled a hamstring muscle 80 metres into the second heat at the U.S. trials.) Another high school student, Hamish McTeir, who beat the world record in the men's discus three days earlier—largely because of his impoverished oxygen. One of his children, he grew up in a squat wooden shack 200 yards from the Fleming Sawmill Co. in Milligan, Florida, where his father drove a jacked-up lawn tractor for \$400 a month. "I had a over chance," McTeir says, pointing to the sickly smile rising from the mid-chest. "I'm never going to work over there. That's why I'm racing." Gotta keep "geno" fitter. Got to get us out of this place." McTeir's voice, sleepy college football player Will Wilmoughby, says, "the only thing that can keep Hesston from winning at Marquette is a broken leg." McTeir, but Borzov, Cuba's Silver Leonardi, Jamaica's Don Quarrie, and Auburn University freshman Harvey Glance (who also shares the world record) may have something to say about that.



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The First Voyage of the Nonsuch, 1670

Ender & Company: East Germany's wonders of the water

From one instant, the Olympics have seen the emergence of nations uniquely skilled in specific events—Swiss weight lifters, American tennis players, Hungarian fencers.

To that list must now be added the East German women's swimming team—the finest collective and individual example of athletic behavior as has faced anywhere. Efficient at everything, the East Germans execute swimming strokes with special precision. What last month's Olympic track in East Berlin were over the muscular brigade of Karpetski, Esmay, Berg, Tröster, Uhlstädt, Tautz, Barbara Krause, Augs-Schäfle and Gisela Nitschki had shattered 13 world records. Superlatives, of course, are always suspect. The wonder men of the Munich games, Mark Spitz, who gave up dentistry for showbiz and was never heard from again, has already been consigned to history, six of his seven world records broken. Future generations may be equally amazed by the East German women, but for the moment no one can touch them. Nor the Americans who won more than half of the swimming medals at Munich. Neither Americans, long considered the world's strongest swimming power, nor the Canadians at present a young team endowed with that daunting resilience—concede that possibility.

The East German ascendancy—in swimming as in track and field—is growing—is the result of a philosophy that sees a direct relationship between political prestige and medals earned. In 1968 at Mexico City, East Germany won 25 medals; 18 were gold, two silver, seven bronze. In



American Shirley Robertson (left) and super-swimmer Kornelia Ender

1972 at Munich, it won 16 medals, 20 gold, 23 silver, 23 bronze. And if the performance of recent weeks are any indication, the East Germans will continue their frontal assault on the medal awards at Montreal, holding world class competitions in virtually every Olympic discipline they bother to contest. Whatever needs to be

done to win those medals is done. What needs to be spent is spent. Support for "physical culture" is entrenched in the state constitution. The East Germans are not necessarily better athletes, just more committed. Or so it seems. Some people would argue that it's a result of life's. Women athletes who now pursue careers in hockey, football, baseball, golf or tennis were to devote their considerable physical gifts to Olympic competition the field in medal would be equally impressive. Imagine, for example, Peggy Orr in the 200-meter freestyle! O.J. Simpson on the basketball court, Paul Rose in distance swimming. Could they be anything but gold medalists? But that's not what the East Germans do.

The East Germans are contempt of looking strong, building up their muscles like so much Wafer-skin. Their three weeks before the Olympics, the pill-taking stops, no creams are ever discontinued on the nose, double acne scraping. But if the charge is valid, it is equally hypocritical. Canadian coaches concede privately that our own athletes—and presumably those of other Western nations—are also familiar with the altered landscape. The pill diet is no longer considered a dead-jerk part of the regimen, like weight training or distance running. The East Germans vehemently deny allegations of chemical cheating, attributing their success to faith and study of the American. "Everybody wants to know our secret," says East German coach Rudolph Schreiner. "But we have no secret. For years we watched the Americans, learned

from the Americans, and now they take what we learn." Still, six persons bigger in the wake of last month's winning world record bobsle, the question were surfacing again: "Will we see them repeat those times in Montreal?" said Derek Stoeckl, Canada's Olympic swim coach. "It's strange how the only world records they ever break are broken inside East Germany." But o r i "Surely," pleads Schreiner, "the surroundings, food, gente and crowds of East Berlin are more conducive to an East German swimmer than those in Canada, since their physical make-them-think-they're-superior factor is far greater than ours." While he accepts that, he doesn't accept it.

A more likely explanation for the East German swimming miracle can probably be found in the country's vast, state-funded sports network. In a nation of only 17 million, one in every seven—about 2.5 million—belongs to the German Gymnastics and Sport Federation, an amateur organization, embracing 30,000 separate sports clubs, each sponsored by the army or ministry or university. To inspire youth, the state also sponsors a biomass Sporthilfe, a kind of national junior Olympic League featuring 26 Olympic sports. Some 30,000 young men and women compete in the last one. There are any potential Kornelia Enders to be found, the East Germans will find her.

In Brazil, the American, Australian and Canadian women might proudly consider another sport. The fastest female swimmer in history, Enders, at 17, is the sole proprietor of 19 world records—all except, of course, the 100-meter butterfly. O.J. Simpson on the basketball court, Shirley Robertson in the distance events (Enders won all nine new marks—one more! 1.62 seconds in the 100-meter backstroke without third seconds better than Nancy Glasscock's barely half a second ago) 100 meters—signed by accident. "I was looking for a distance in which I could hopefully relax without any pressure to win, so I chose the backstroke as training. It helped me keep my balance. It's a big advantage to me to go into a race with no pressure to win." Enders also established three new freestyle standards, including a 1.59.18 in the 200-meter, surpassing her as first woman to break the two-minute barrier. Says teammate Barbara Krause, who should do as much—a sensible program of swimming—off the existing 400-meter freestyle record. "Kornelia has the ability to concentrate before important events. She is always in top shape when she needs it." At five feet 11 inches and 190 pounds, she is a shape that discourages muscle. The daughter of an army officer in the People's Army, Enders lives with her parents in the suburb, carries a heavy load of schoolwork on her shoulders, publishes a collection of media—now numbering more than 100—and is engaged to East Germany's veteran backstroker Roland Matthes, whose appearance at Montreal hangs on uncertainty from a second appendectomy.

Women of two gold medals at both Mo-

ntréal and Mexico City. Mother 2½—the oldest Olympic survivor—has long been the lone distinction of the star and Yvonne He will help some sort of Montreal. Does her bubbly superstar Roger Ryall (world record holder in the 200 meters), but as in other sports—overall, the East Germans account for only one-third of the nation's medal victories—the male swimmers lag behind the record-breaking performances of the swimmers themselves. The lessons are the same in East Germany as they are in Canada: men teach their physical make-them-think-they're-superior factor three or four years later than women, but farmed by opportunity, not by innate desire. More, though, is involved. Men and women's records in East Germany, 28, are the notable exception.) Consider of his ability to swim back. Mothers say: "You always have to fight. Fighting makes you ugly. You can't win. You have to fight in order to get fast times. But it's not going to eat you. You have to face the fact that the others are getting stronger."

The records include American college junior John Naber, 20, the first member in East Berlin in more than seven years (1971 California meet). With the status of international Tim Sherris injured after his death, Naber may be the United States' best bet to capture a plurality of medals in men's events. Shirley Disbrow will lead the U.S. women in a half dozen or more events (she holds 10 of them). If either wins all four medals of their own, it's either with great personal effort or a good deal of luck. Who will get the gold in the 100-meter butterfly? Who will break a plus close to her East German sister heart? She has been known to dash hands in prayer before a race and when ready once conceded a national TV interview with an impishness: "Please Jesus. Having Her in my heart gives me strength."

The Canadian men's team led by Edman's Graham Smith (butterfly), Vancouver's Steve Pashill (backstroke and freestyle) and Bruce Robertson (breaststroke) will almost certainly win some medals. But not as many as the Canadian women. Montreal's Anne Jordan, Vancouver's Gail Thompson, Bay's Joann Baker-Holmes, Nancy Glasscock, Edith Clark, Cheryl Gibson and, last but not least, the energetic Canadian athlete, may very well break Her record for the length of time of Enders and the East Germans. The Canadians might speak reluctantly of gold.



Brother's Ulrich Krause: favored to win the gold medal for diving



Two of the U.S.A.'s girls and East Germany's Willi and Matthias following the ladies

The magnificent ladies of the bars

is fond to believe she is already 28, that four years have passed since Alia Korbett first, and forever, lost the love of her life. She had assumed return the man at Manach's Sportclub a complete unknown, and in a matter of minutes had become the most popular girl in a history. Her popularity on the tennis court had been the stuff of legend, both brilliant and dramatic, sounding like a succession of unbroken firecrackers, each explosion more unpredictable, bolder.

The reporter paged her 7-5, out-of-a-10 year mark by international standards. She had found. No one, it is now deeply felt, Karthik himself. Before the eyes of millions, in the hearts and flowers, once-every-one's-Ya-Ya's Jim Mackay, she ended. She will never again become

Oiga Kozhat is no longer a ten-year-old. She wears eye-liner and Russian perfume and Western skirts. She has moved from the apartment she once shared with her parents in Grodno 30 miles west of Moscow, near the Polish border, to her own flat. She drives her own car to Zhegat, a Russian-made bus, and earns a sumittance of about \$200 a month. In the years since Masha accompanied Soviet gymnasts on tour through both wings of civilization, in Moscow and Chicago, she has become a woman of the world and the most popular girl of all Soviet gymnasts. To the present, the girl who has won a total of 11 medals at international slalom contests—What North Americans children probably imagined as 30 minutes of "wonderful exercise" is now a chance to "experience" their funniness—for the cheering audiences From Mobile to Moscow, from the Adirondack Mountains to the Kremlin.

Ironically, Karin at herself it used to have a lot of gynecomastia and bingo to switch is now removed on the stage and in dance. That is fine, because Karin is already an actress, and her performance on the balance beam or bars are already obscene. Almost cathartic in effect, she pushes tears and laughter, sorrow and delight, the double-edged blade of human emotion. When she swings without winning into a dangerous new environment—she did especially at March—she draws a full-throated audience from 10,000 women, spontaneously recognizing that what they have seen are not only gynecomastia contestants but also an art of course. That the contestants feel so humiliated. It makes her more vulnerable and identifiable to us all.

and otherwise more sense.

There is a school of thought, not without influence, that rejects Korbe's innovations as mere scribbles. Gombrich is not a cretin there; his practitioners are not perfomers. The execution of any masterpiece—as form, line and color—is as important as the researcher itself. Without the property, the study is incomplete. With Korbut, her criticism, there is music without geometry, style without substance. *Musica pura*, she says. True, there are



Beyoncé's Corporationality and Racialization of the U.S. R&B Pop Musical Riviera

an unusual Liège Club convention—an ungratifying. "If you are present and can't get a good meal and everyone is happy," she says. "Try something new and someone is there to protest or fault it."

Kath's amateurish advocacy, if the least explosive, is testament to Ludmilla Tcherina's charming, intelligent and—by the acknowledgement of judges everywhere—the best woman pianist of the decade. Once Korshak and Tcherina sensed each other's differences, remaining unusually close. Now even polar opposites have been absorbed by her magnetism and her interpretive power. There is a classic ring to the sounds Korshak the aspiring ingenue creates, precisely played piano solo, she will be the star or not. "I want people to love me," she says. "I used the idea of the public and I fight it off." Tchaikovsky, 24, the reigning prima donna, could not abide Korshak's histrionics—but acquit her for all her talent and awards (including Best Soviet Sportswoman of 1979). It is Korshak the cerebral child and minister and who, during Soviet apprenticeship in Boston, New York, Tel Aviv, an introduced into the learned, longest applause. Asked to assess two grandmothers who oppose her Koch is well aware of the names of Romane's Nada Canadas and two Russian intermediates—paradoxically ignoring the achievements of Tchaikovsky. "They are, who don't like me," she says. "With her, people in Korshak's camp think the Black Death is more dead." "I think a sportswoman should concentrate...on a sport," she adds.

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Jocelyn Lovell, all by himself

The lone lone competitor in the Olympic pentathlon is the one lone lone individual cycling name and. There are no two competitors on the track at the same time. It's a race against the clock, for a period of just under 30 seconds, it depends entirely, full-throttle commitment. This is a race for the participant, appealing more to maniacs who like to endure long hours of silence and solitary confinement. And such is an appropriate vehicle for the Jocelyn Lovell, Canadian's private system and total body consciousness, even a long-shot chance at an Olympic cycling medal.

Lovell is no life outside of cycling. He lives alone, in a small, sparsely furnished basement apartment in Waterloo, Ontario. The window of his bike room—an racing draped in mud and wheels and frames—overlooks Lake Ontario, 100 miles to the west on his bikes and which the waters of the lake fresh and bold. He has no coach, no mentor, no physiotherapist—but always believed that he alone was qualified in his own mind and uninterested himself. He holds on tight, is not married, dances few times. His light brown hair is cropped short like a monk's. He wears a single gold earring in his left ear. His body is lean and lithe, but his legs are thick, like tree trunks. "Cycling is being alone," he says. "I am isolated from the crowd and the cheering. When you are practicing, riding miles and miles every day, you find out

what you are. I've heard there is another life after cycling. Maybe one day I'll find it."

Long periods of solitude make some men sickly. They have made Jocelyn Lovell hard. He is the rebel priest—against, held, distant of authority. In August 1984, having traveled around the Mexican Olympics, he flew to Brazil, Belo Horizonte, for the World Cycling Championships. Considerately, it was the first anniversary of the Soviet invasion. There were anti-Soviet protests and Lovell, wearing a T-shirt that read "Free Tibet," was mobbed, pelted, and the protesters

were arrested and the demonstrators dispersed. The experience of overtravel had tested and strained him. After this, his Waterloo high school seemed stifling. Unable to make the starting position on a football team, the seventh ranked cyclist in the world failed physical education. A few months later, at a local school, he was told, "How could I sit in those plastic chairs? I'd get more of the world at UWaterloo than there ever would."

He turned to the one thing he knew and respected—the bicycle—finishing his annual trip to Europe, the means of cycling, by mixed means. "I cycled. I cheated. I worked at odd jobs. I'd buy cycling clothing wholesale in Europe and sell it for three times the price back here." In 1979, training with the Canadian team in France, Lovell—proconsul or even—a 30-centimetre cushion from the pen-



Canada's Lovell: "I've heard there's another life after cycling. Maybe one day I'll find it."

and pasty. A man must train him or he will suspend for an month. "I felt as if my whole life had ended. They were preventing me from doing what I liked best."

He flew to Holland and turned professional, hired by promoters of big money. Sponsored by the pro rider's cast of semi-pros and strongmen, he raced seven days. Now, these years and thousands of training miles later, Lovell is back—raced fifth in the world. At his event in 1985, a woman from the United States approached him, smiling, intent on becoming an Olympic champion. He is still rocky and brash, but in 25 they talk in pride and an independent spirit. "To be an athlete is fantastic. Your thinking is clear. You feel you do at least as many mistakes now. I may not have a lot but I do have my body. They can't take away my body, my muscles and my happiness. As long as I have them I am happy."

Lovell will not willingly waste fat either or broose. He wants gold. Haunted by a sense of impending doom, he says, "If I'm something nobody can take away from you. You can lose your house or your car anything. With the gold, out of the billions of people on the planet, you know you are the best. There are nine other Evel Knievels out there. A lot of people go through his awakening phase and never come along." Peckham bath. If I can now, I'll never know if I could have been the

"Agnus from sex," the British novelist Anthony Burgess has written, "Football is the only universal language." An American, however, has not yet left the game. The game. No one American knows it better and few can call it their (the kick) is easily the world's most popular sport. Some 300 million people—one quarter of the earth's population—watched the 1986 world cupfinals of the 1974 World Cup in South America, where massive crowds of 100,000 at most stadium perched like spectators, intent on becoming an Olympic champion. He is still rocky and brash, but in 25 they talk in pride and an independent spirit. "To be an athlete is fantastic. Your thinking is clear. You feel you do at least as many mistakes now. I may not have a lot but I do have my body. They can't take away my body, my muscles and my happiness. As long as I have them I am happy."

Today, the Seven Soviet countries—Poland, East Germany, Hungary—and the Russians themselves do not wait for passes for international amateur competition (in the six Olympics since 1952, only three Soviet athletes have won medals). But in international world hockey, communism is a force to be reckoned with. The skilled professionals of Brazil, Holland,

Soviet bloc soccer

East Germany vs. Poland, 1974

East Germany vs. Poland, 1974

Iceland, West Germany, Great Britain and Ireland are forbidden to mould the greatest looks of so-called true amateurs from Russia. Putin, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, who so logically seem their equalized French or British, are not something manage to square up to 40 or 50 weeks of soccer on the

side. When the best 15,000 players in the country are a substantially professional—in a Brad—most businesses face a challenge to field an amateur squad of any quality. Recently, however, some non-Communist nations have taken advantage of a loophole in the international rule book. Soviet players cannot officially turn professional until age 21, thus, under code 21, most playing in professional leagues, most therefore still be amateurs—and eligible for Olympic competition.

Not surprisingly, Poland, East Germany, Russia and Hungary may be rapidly exposed to semi-professional Olympic models. The Poles depend heavily on Oleguek Lake, possibly the fastest winger in the game and an above-average goalscorer in the 1978 World Cup. The Russians—who beat for their third at Munich—most important winger Oleg Blinov, the current European Footballer of the Year (by merit, determined by a poll of sportswriters), Soviet goalkeepers often score in goals—their best player, probably, is Anatoly Slavutin, who so logically seems their equalized French or British, are not something manage to square up to 40 or 50 weeks of soccer on the

Jack's boys: shooting for a bronze

Among the myriad books on display in the Ottawa home of Jack Donohue is a 20-page tome entitled *All I Know About Basketball*. It was written by Jack Donohue. All the pages are blank. This is Donohue's notion of a good job, although the truth is this: Donohue has forgotten more about the game of basketball than most of its players will ever learn. In the early Sixties, he had a few tough coups with the development of an Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, also known as Lew Alcindor, who is known as the most talented player ever to leap for an NBA rebound. Donohue coached Jabbar as a 16-year-old prospect at Power Memorial Academy (located in New York City, the center basketball) at Holy Cross University. Between 1960 and 1972, during Donohue's administration, Holy Cross was 96-39 in intercollegiate competition.

All of this would be interesting but irrelevant were it not that in 1972 the same Jack Donohue was named coach of Canada's national men's basketball team, a team so absolutely except that it failed to qualify for the 1972 Olympics. Now, four years into the Donohue era, the national men's basketball team is a legitimate contender for an Olympic medal. His ragtag assembly of unemployed maths, drummers, pianists and basketball bums, a squad with more heart than height (two players are less than six feet), has beaten the Soviet Union (winner of the gold medal at Munich), Yugoslavia, Cuba, Italy and various U.S. college teams—virtually



U.S.A. vs. U.S.R.: the teams in doubt

every major competitor it will face at Montreal. They have spent 45 months running up and down versions of Isogami, wrapped in 20 or more measures—leaving behind such mundane concerns as wives, Brady jobs and education. They have slept in awful hotel rooms and covered passman mats 44 for the sake of Canada's first Olympic basketball medal in 40 years.

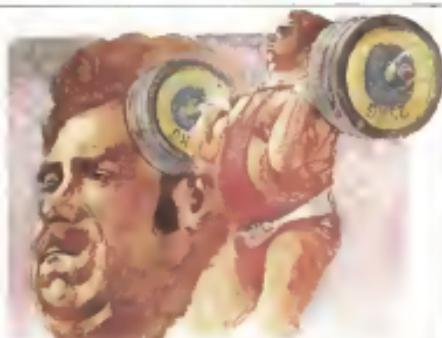
Pure skill has had little to do with this transformation. At least three of Donohue's starting five are good enough to play pro basketball right now. Guard Bill Robinson, whose fierce tenacity on the court have been likened to Bobby Orr's on the ice, made the all-American team three consecutive years playing for Simon Fraser University. Robinson and express Phil Toliver have had pro ways. But skill alone does not account for the emergence of a winner. Jack Donohue does. If he were a basketball coach, he would be a evangelist. His major a imperative delivered in trim homilies, but sometimes Donohue's Jack Donohue makes it work. He has named his collection of wayward jumpsmashers two halves, followers of the grand dame.

If Canada is to win a medal in Montreal, it will have to beat either the Russians, led by 6-foot-6-inch stooping student Alexander Belov, who his average earned down a 350,000 offer to play pro ball in the United States, and veteran Svetlana Belova (no relation), regarded as the most elusive player in the Soviet game; the surprisingly troubadour Indiana (or the college-at-the-Alaska) Americans (the United States will be without the three best players in college basketball)—Richie Barnes, Leon Douglas and Kevin Lyons—who have turned down the opportunity to play for their country for fear that an injury might threaten upcoming pro contracts worth at least \$300,000 a year. A home crowd, and the energetic spirit of Jack Donohue, says the Canadian can do it.

The unavoidable and Vasili Alexeyev

It could be a list of Lewandowski or a high scoring list of Russian history players. Lewand, Bork, Plashkov and Alexeyev are the names of the three strongest men in the world—a sign he's weight lifting, each capable of lifting 500 or more pounds over his head. Give it a take a kilo or two, 500 pounds is the weight of two family-size Canadian Football League helmets. And the weight of three 100-calorie bars. Westinghouse sub-generators. It is the weight of a young beehive with an undispensed apricot jam. Plashkov and Alexeyev could top around a 100-pound sack of potatos like a bunch ball.

Great Book—the name staff appearance the sound of 500-pounds of cast iron banging the floor—in a 24-year-old East German who measures with a fondness for his shoulders [unusual]. Apparently the Book is a giant. Book weighs 238 pounds. Klement Plashkov, the current world record holder in competition in the Bulgarian militia and either 22 or 25 years old, depending on whether one uses the official method of counting years [from birth] or the method from conception [at some Bulgarian do]. By either approach the old man is still a giant. He's a giant—just one of nine Olympic weight lifters—two—of nine. Russian manager Vasili Alexeyev, 25, winner of the gold medal in Moscow and of 375 pounds, a champion of strength and courage, a tall-ish professional champion of cooking, bartending, chess, roses and singing. All of these men will see the event at Montreal—but who is certain to roar most is the Book his brother Plashkov, who has beaten Alexeyev, who has beaten Book. "Don't forget one thing," the Russian said to a visiting journalist. "I am original. I am unique." In the other weight-lifting categories,



Super heavyweight Alexeyev—giant of giants at Moscow and a champion cook, bartender

Communist bloc? It's not much different. Only—no, wait. Just one giant. The world record holders, Koy Makai [Japan] and M. Neman of Iran, live beyond the Iron Curtain. On a single day this spring, Plashkov and his fellow Bulgarians established new world records in either the clean and press (a two-stage lift), the snatch (a condominium measure 375) or the combined weight total. Plashkov himself announced the world-weight-lifting commentary—and presumably Alexeyev—by boasting a combined weight of 440 kilograms (975.5 pounds). 160 pounds more than the Russian's previous world mark.

With lifting is the Olympic meet fine

domestic sport. The entry is neither the stock (though it has mad positions in the croupier and jester) nor a phalanx of modern politicians with a self-hating group of modern politicos. There is only the weight, a strength of steel and flesh by discs of cast iron. This clean and jerk affords no compensation. Either the entrant is strong or it is not. Either the lifter is strong enough or he is not. Alexeyev, addressing himself to that absolute reality says: "As the weight is greater the more the road makes the weight seem to be. But an Shatov's road what can be cannot be avoided. That is what it is when I lift. To successfully lift the weight, it cannot be avoided."

Teofilo goes for two



Cuba's Stevenson: what price level?

The style is Russian orthodox—pounding and reiterating—the rules, no doubt, of his training. He owns a devastating right and a left only slightly less devastating. Not especially fast, but in combination sufficiently mobile—quick enough to get in, do one interesting damage and get out. A clean, classic approach. He may, though not necessarily, be roughly as timid as Gheorghe Bala, best boxer against the best boxer of an admissions committee—check and seal glowing. At six feet five inches and 225 pounds, heavyweight boxer Teofilo Stevenson comes close to being the most popular sportsman in all of Cuba, ranking well ahead of Fulal Castro and only slightly behind rats. And despite two recent defeats to a Russian he remains the odd-on favorite to win the gold medal in Montreal.

Underestimated and then only 20, Stevenson turned up in Moscow in 1952, de-

molished his principal obstacle—if he survives the Russian qualification round—and will be his. Vassilyev, though (Box Rec., 11 ranked) hot, powerful, who has twice flouted the Cuban in recent exhibition matches. In a single three-round encounter, Vassilyev is said to be a mauling opponent, but there is some doubt that he can survive the punishment of an Olympic tournament, requiring several bouts in a period of days; the Russians, deep as heavyweights, may need Boris Berezin, armed with what is said to be a lethal right cross instead.

The dark horse contendens in the heavyweight division is America's John Tait, a broad-shouldered, thick-kneed dagger, whose facial expansion ran the gamut from meter to stow. Big John, as he is called, has not had the benefits of a classical education, but at six feet four inches and 225 pounds no one is likely to pick him at his intelligence. This is because through last month's Olympic trials, swimming favorite Michael Doherty (who has beaten Vysecky and who miraculously unseated the world record holder, Marcelli Stachon) is believed to be better suited as a swimming partner for Joe Frazier and Jimmy Young without purpose. Tait is managed by Colleen Alice Miller, who found him in an Arkansas feed store owner, buried him in the rigging, taught him the rudiments. "Everybody laughed at him," Miller recalls. "They said he was big, dumb and slow. Then one night Big John knocked out the Polish champion. No one thinks big of Big John, my move—is that not or has presented.

In other weight categories, Soviet, Cuban and Bulgarian boxers are expected to lead the medal collections. In the 1974 World championships, 16 of 22 boxers in the final were of the Russian or Cuban. The latter grabbed six of eight golds. Their success is less a function of talent than of tenacity, maintained by the state, they stay in the sports system an average of four years longer than Western boxers, for whom the financial incentive of winning professionals isn't compelling. The one exception to this Eastern Bloc dominance should be American featherweight Sugar Ray Leonard, 20, widely touted as the coming of the best puncher as amateur boxer. Says National Amateur Athletic Union's managing director, Rolly Schwartz: "He's got a job that will take your head and nail it back in the fifth row. He could beat any lightweight competition in the world right now." Canada's four medal chances in flyweight/light featherweight: Cleve Clarke of Sydneyfield, Nova Scotia, of whom it has been said that he shows more intelligence outside the ring than in. Still, Clarke's European-style—backing up, slading punches—with him a gold medal at the 1974 Pan-American games, when against inferior western hemisphere competition. Whether it will work for him in the Olympic arena remains to be seen.



It's dry inside.

cell and 29 Ugandan soldiers. On Sunday in Tel Aviv, the Israeli military command announced: "Enough Israeli defense forces survived and freed the hostages." Seven hours later the 102 passengers loaded where the helicopter had begun—Operation Ugandan had begun.

Edward N. Laskin, co-author of *The Israeli Army* (Haper and Row, 1971), is one of the world's foremost experts on the Israeli military, and a professor emeritus now. *His proposed defense contains all the proposed report on the General Staff Series exclusively for Maclean's.*

Shortly after mid-day on the evening of December 28, 1968, about 40 members of a highly secret unit of the Israeli Army landed in helicopters on the tarmac runway of Beirut Airport in full view of the world. Their mission was to demonstrate to potential Arab terrorists and logicians that they could not attack Israel or its citizens with impunity. Because the longer we waited with Christian pilgrims, the commandos warned, we'd avoid any confrontation with the Lebanese. Their orders were brutally simple: to destroy as many Arab planes as possible without damaging planes of other nations, and carry a flag of truce to the airport. They were unarmoured. Even the Lebanese policemen or soldiers opened fire on them; the Israeli raiders were somehow to avoid shooting back. Using small explosive charges, the Israeli up 12 Arab-occupied planes without any damage to foreign aircraft parked nearby. Less than an hour after it had begun, the raid was over. The senior Israeli commanding the raiders went onto the bar of the terminal building, ordered a Coca-Cola, paid for it with Israeli coins and walked out. Not a single Lebanese or foreigner had been injured. The Israeli helicopter took off at the start of the 13-jihadists on the runway.

The Western press dubbed the raiders as commandos. In Israel they are popularly known as "the south"—General Staff Scouts—and they are the core of the elite in the Israeli Army. 19- and 20-year-olds. Fewer than 100 of them. Volunteers. The officers are all former commando recruits who have been recognized as potential generals. And while the scouts are professedly fit and trained to handle every skill arm they see, even likely to encounter, they are not mere weapons operators. Their primary mission is the clandestine collection of intelligence. Long before the world learned of their spectacular exploits, the scouts were a silent presence all over the Middle East, tapping military planes, listening to secret wireless, placing strategic listeners in oilfield and steel surveys on enemy-controlled territory.

It was only after the Six Day War of 1967 that the scouts began to carry out special operations that made headlines. One of the most celebrated was the "radar operation."

carried out the day after Christmas in 1968. Taking some electronic engineers with them, the scouts descended by helicopter on a new Soviet-built radar station set up by the Egyptians at Ras Ghoreib on the Red Sea. If they succeeded, Israel would have an early warning system operational. Soviet radar systems. As history would it was a success, and the scouts were safely back inside Israel—with the radar station—but the Egyptians had a chance to react.

In another raid, deep inside Egypt on October 31, 1968, a team of raiders destroyed two bridges and a transformer station at Nag Hammadi on the Nile. 400 miles south of the newest Israeli territory and much too deep inland to have been approached by sea, nothing but a helico-patrol available to the trip. On April 1, 1970, Sharon, the veteran passenger of an amateur gun-crew, came up with the answer to the distance problem. The helicopters flew the raiders to Nag Hammadi and immediately returned on time to Egypt tasks, because a fully loaded helicopter used more fuel, the empty helicopter had the range to make the return trip, re-fueled in Israel and returned using little fuel to Nag Hammadi, when the operation was over: the helicopter

"Yes, yes," said one supposedly blad woman. "We should do something like that to us, too, so you can't say 'They don't have to be smart, or do anything, they just have to be there.' No, our job is to bring down, with class, like the Queen. You can push a button, speak a speech or address a house like nobody's business. But it was not her turn. The American fell flat. It was the notion of Queen, royalty in the abstract. 'A Queen,' gushed the Washington Star, "is the stuff of fairy tales." A studio lady from Baltimore arranged for two hours on the Philadelphia waterfront for a glimpse of Her Majesty, and pronounced Her immediately pleasant. But did she actually see the Queen? "No, but I saw the host! That is the epitome of monarchy: thousands of Americans staring at her in awe to watch a middle-aged woman do a pageant that was not to be believed by television crews—and coming away with 'The Queen,' said David Grimes, 40, general manager of the Philadelphia TV station—repeating everything that is decent and endearing."

The Americans have no one in all that is assigned to the President in his constitutional incarnation, but a mere President can't bring it off. He isn't in the job long enough, for one thing. These have been now British monarchs since 1776, while the Americans were running through 38 Presidents, and a President is the product of politics, not bloodlines. It is hard to believe a Ford or Nixon, they lack the mystique that royalty imports.

The scouts' exploits have already spawned one movie based on the Electronic raid, and so doubtless the 25-year-old mystery restriction will inspire many more. Quietly, smoothly, no thing in the world of modern warfare compares with them.

There, but for the grace of George III, the Queen of the U.S.A.

What the Americans need is a monarch of their very own. The suggestion was first made in 1970, when the Queen was the docks of Philadelphia, waiting for Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, to step ashore from the royal yacht Britannia and begin her six-day, east-coast U.S. Bicentennial tour. The suggestion became a no-no the south lawn of the White House a day later, when a middle-aged, middle-rank bureaucrat I observed, has come poison and whispering furiously, "The shit of God's shitting!" The reason became a hypothesis in a state dinner that night, where Washington society watched the President and the Queen as they man-handled the silverware side by side. The nob's obviously wondered if their mistress had been smart to name such a name over a few loopy stamps back in 1776. The hypothesis became conviction by the time the Queen had gone on to wow them in New York, Newark, New Haven, Charlottesville, Providence, Newport and Boston.

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The Queen exchanging a toast with Ford: the day royalty reconquered the colonies



Thorbeck: the eagle has landed

visors to wing stories as if they hadn't missed a thing. There were 800 New Brunswicks accommodated and 128 British (Canadians counted as British). The job could have been better done by a score of professionals who wouldn't foul each other's view all the time, but the media mob was part of the polite fancy and infrared importants that makes royal tour work. Indeed, the whole notion of monarchy depends on the polite suspension of disbelief, imagination à la Washington at 412 feet long, the Bicentennial Bell, Britain's jingoistic gals in Adonis' weightlessness, the Queen in the coast-to-coast, seven states removed, of George Washington's uniform, and the like. And the British? They cheered and gleefully ate the royal sashimi served right, but they would not budge. Then most visitors came rolled up and placekholders kept out, looking nervous and alert to provide another layer of observation. A hand (polite) blurted, an honor guard (soundly) mapped to attention, there was a sit, a sitter, a gang of Mack leonards, white teeth, colored dress, a mix of chauvin (the most obnoxious), and most popular, went to stand as if he was an American, but "rig" for the Queen "I said it was all over."

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The Americans have family on their borders, but little symbolism and less mystery. When a President takes up the nation's time to say nothing that is deployable, when a Queen does the same, it is superstition. And when the Queen actually says something—she showed that the Americans had been right about the British trying to win the war against 200 years ago—everybody plops champagne corks and the New York Times puts the lead on page one. President Ford couldn't have worked such a ascent onto the compact page but then he was in it himself and he must have piped in every bit, in the six days before she arrived north in Canada, her Majesty cut a swath through the eastern seaboard.

During their U.S. visit, the royal couple survived the following: official welcomes, 12 receptions, 20 presentations, 16 (medallions, lithographs, books, spaces, cowboys) presents given, two (fiefs, duchies, speeches given); six speeches taken, 21, wreaths laid, one dedications, two, coronations laid, one, walkabouts, tours and visits, 15, church services, one, honorary citizenship one (in New York, which is what's worth, parades, honor guards and spectators, seven. No one bothered to keep track of the number of banquets. All the stops were well received, but additional, strengthened the bonds of Anglo-American friendship in some mysterious way. The Bicentennial Bell could have failed without the royal flush, and the state of Virginia might have survived without the dead. But Majority along (the dead) reminded that the cost of arms once used by the Virginian company was okay, hardly-wait. But all these occasions drew their significance from what British Prime Minister Edward Heath once called "the uniquely which suspicious policies by me and pretty events."

If the Americans had their policies maintained, which God knows they should, they are just going to have to stage more and prettier events, for which they will spend—or at least wait—royalty. The weirdness that they can let the Queen back out of the country

WALTER DEWEY

Days of fear and loathing

They have known an "unusual breed of terror" to the father of one of their sons. Twelve thousand students, supported by 1,000 reformers at home and abroad, they have helped to arrest more than 60,000 people during the past three years, of whom as many as one third reportedly have died under torture or been executed. Led by the plucky Colonel Manuel Contreras Sepulveda they are Chile's Dirección de Inteligencia Nacional (DINA) the described secret police of President Augusto Pinochet, Uruguay's military junta.

When western hemisphere foreign ministers met in Santiago, Chile, last month for the Organization of American States' annual general assembly, the customary diplomatic deference to the host nation was conspicuously missing. A report circulated by the U.S. State Department concluded that the suspension of civil liberties, the arbitrary detentions and death sentence of Alvaro del Castillo, former President Allende's right-hand man, ousted Marxist President Salvador Allende, Governor in September 1973 (Kazakow) reliable sources indicate that under Pinochet some 30,000 Chileans have lost their lives. Allende's form of酷刑, "blood-cutting," U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was further addressing delegations from 41 nations. Kissinger warned that U.S. relations with Chile would remain cool as long as the Pinochet administration violated "elemental international standards of human rights."

Skeptical to such scathing condemnation, and increasingly isolated internationally, Pinochet was taking to show signs of concern—and in even taking steps, albeit halting ones, to mitigate his regime's Reaching to pressure from Washington, Pinochet promised recently in a television interview to end Chile's blockade, only 200 of so have already been freed, and preparations for the coast opening in Santiago were marked by a new round of repression. The homes of slant drivers along the airport highway were demolished. Santiago's growing population of beggars walls and prostitutes was warned to stay out of the city center, and between 500 and 3,000 opponents of the regime were rounded up by Coartel's cops and taken to detention centers. "They might as well be revolving doors in the prison camp," said a Chilean socialist who has spent two years under detention. "For every person released another four go in." Given the suspension of all Chilean political parties open opposition to the regime is growing—both from outside and within. Under Cardinal Raúl Silva Henríquez, the Roman Catholic church has taken the lead in denouncing the junta's reign of terror and in finding the victims of its economic policies. More

recently, Eduardo Frei Montalva, a former Christian Democrat president of Chile who until widely respected in the country, failed to publish a blistering indictment of the junta's policies. But a concerted effort last December to force a change in Pinochet's policies—and possibly his resignation—met with defeat. Frei and Silva formed an unlikely alliance with General Sergio Arellano Stark, the commander of the Santiago garrison who was known for his brutal excesses after the 1973 coup. Stark was quickly backed by General Guillermo Leigh Guzmán, a prima facie. Arellano wrote a strongly worded letter to Pinochet demanding an easing of Chile's economic policies and that the DINA be disbanded. Stark added to the pressure by risking it known that if the church was considering reconstituting the DINA it would. When Pinochet fought back, confronting colonial general who backed Arellano's letter and demanding that they state their case, appearance withdrew. By January, Arellano had submitted into retirement, leaving Pinochet—for the present—firmly in control. —PAUL HEATH BOGUE



The poor people of Santiago, Chile, huddled and out in the elements and warming themselves over bonfires, while Pinochet (below) spends an arms and repression



Photo: AP

People

Although **Jane Fonda** and **Vanessa Redgrave** are friends (Fonda named her daughter, by Roger Vadim, Vanessa) and political (left-wing) soul mates, they have never made a film together. Until now. In September they will make *Aida* based on



Fonda and Redgrave: powerful sisterhood

one chapter of Lillian Hellman's *Pentimento*. Fonda plays Helene—strongly, and straightforwardly playing her own mind and memory for the left-in view in the McCarthy era. Redgrave plays Julia, her true-life friend who was Hellman's wife during her years in Europe. And **James Woods** plays Hellman's long-time friend and lover, actress Joanne Woodward.

The fact that **Murray McLauchlan** was not asked to headline the Canadian National Exhibition's grandstand show may or may not have disappointed him. The reason given, however, did—to the point of his launching a legal action. Put on the spot by



McLauchlan: an uncharmed sort of matador

interviewers, the assistant general manager **Howard Tols** defended his hiring of American star—John Cassavetes, Mae West, Kate Smith, etc.—by saying that Canadian Great Lightnings was going global. "But let me tell you about of Canadian stars," he added, "and that's for us Canadians." Murray McLauchlan was unimpressed. "Well, I wouldn't have that type of a show on the grandstand, or even on the grounds," McLauchlan, he insisted, did "a bunch of off-color stuff." For several hours, through a series of interviews, Tols apologized his attack on McLauchlan, who had to be excused as well as angry and hurt, because his self-pity talk materialized in nothing but bad headlines. Another 24 hours would pass before Tols strategically retreated, admitting he had McLauchlan confused with the decidedly and possibly off-color neighbor act of MacLean and MacLean. *Blame it all that well!* An estimated \$6,000 in "uncharmed solo or soloists" was paid to McLauchlan's soldiers. Tols was probably unimpressed and he was also stripped of all future responsibility for booking talent on the Ex and told to shut up about it.

The break came suddenly on Tuesday night and the published photos of the broken Brigadier-General Ben Sheene,



Sheene as Ben Cawson: real-life real

turned a lot of heads back to the film *Kinsey* and fictionalized one Ben Cawson. Again, lifeimitating art. And again, art is about to imitate life—the day after the raid, Universal Studios announced that George Roy Hill would direct *Reverend At Eveline*. And while all still await, two things

should be kept in mind: the man who played Am Ben Cawson also happened to be the man who started in Hill's two greatest successes *Battafury* and *The Sundance Kid* and *The Seven*. Paul Newman.

With **ACTRESS-WOMAN** **Werner Trevis**—a sleepy and stiff somewhat mysterious character from the can't-beat attempt to recapture the magic of *The Moon Is Blue*—Trevis' fifth studio-film hasn't as yet progress for a replacement. According to Clinton Sarge, the show's executive producer, she and producer Ron Hager have looked at some 10 prospects so far, including Allen Funtengham of the *Vassar and Maybelle*, Walter Stewart of *Marky Mark*, and Dan Turner, star of local Ottawa television, and now a staffer on *The Canadian Story*, playing it cool, suggests that she may not even replace Trevis but simply go with **Adrienne Corri**—who showed one of Trevis' own traits: the Golden Stalactite Award for most spoken questions—and *Reporterto-large* **Patricia Racine**. "We don't have a few people on the board of awards," Sarge says. "If that were the case we wouldn't need producers. We just have to leave it to the casting director to decide who's best." Trevis has no immediate new projects, but at age 35, she said. "I never expected to last long. There is the fascination of living on the edge of a cliff blade. I keep expecting to fall off."

When U.S. Senator William Proxmire had a brain transplant a few years ago, he was happy to talk about it. Such was not the case with **Stanley Halsch**, former cabinet

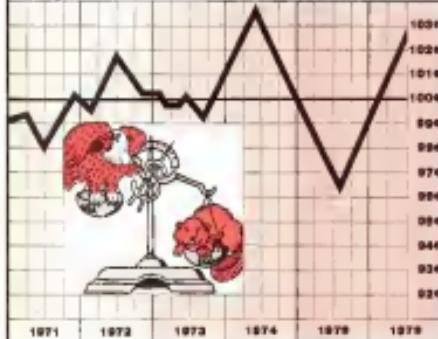


member and Lubomirski Toronto Parkside Halsch has had a stroke and has gone out of his way to avoid discussing it. "It's a highly personal thing," he said. "It's up to individuals whether or not they'd prefer to talk about personal matters and I do not."

Business

Canada's 'Big Buck': at best a mixed blessing, at worst a curse

Chasing after the Yankee dollar



Brooks of the Montreal-based scorecard consulting firm Stans, Brooks & Associates warn that a inflationary monetary policy could be approaching. Although this would stimulate the economy and the stockmarket, and lower the dollar, it would also thwart hope there is of slack demand undermining the inflationary upturn still going strong from Ottawa's attempt to avoid the worldwide recession in 1979. As a harbinger of Canada's economic climate, the apparent direction of the Canadian dollar signals stormy times ahead.

CHARLES MICHAEL

The 'hijacking' of an airline

The supreme sacrifice has been made. David Lewis is selling his airline "I don't like to do it," admits the man who is managing director of public and industry affairs at Pacific Western Airlines, but that's what he's got to do. Lewis, who was recruited to Calgary last year from the senior ranks of Pan Am, is the man in the senior ranks of the nation's third largest airline. He was recruited following a meeting early this month by Air Canada's Transport Commissioner. But quizzed on attempts by the EC government to prevent the deal as far as the grounds that it would "seriously and permanently jeopardize" an already strong economy. With the EC decision, the airline—Canada's third largest and the only one to turn a profit last year—is in a bad financial winter position, declared his boss in Alberta. Then, as always, Peter Lougheed and company, were willing to ignore it in their great years of economic development in which Calgary stood as the financial center of the West and where few questions can be raised over words "appropriately rub shoulders with those who make the decisions."

Fairview nuclear economists believe the \$60-million memorandum trade deficit that Canada racked up in 1975 could be halved this year but it will still be tough going for such industries as pulp and paper, and metals which rely heavily on foreign markets for revenues. The total deficit (which includes services payments) is expected to be around five billion dollars.

Canada is gradually being suffocated with an unpleasant dilemma. High interest rates and a high dollar are dragging Canada's participation in the world economic recovery being led by the United States, thus retarding inflation. But they are also beginning seriously to hamper industry, and may well start the unemployment rate already more than 7.5% rising again. Experts such as Dr Anthony

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Vancouver Airport) and predicting that the cost of the move (originally estimated at five million dollars) would eventually be passed on to passengers. Beaman ordered his Attorney General to ask the CTC to re-examine PPA. But it was a judgment that while it was formally presenting its memo was less than accurate. The money was not even placed on the agenda of the western conference in Medicine Hat last April, supposedly because it was "of no concern to Saskatchewan and Manitoba." Beaman rejected the argument, the Vancouver Sun noted, and Transportation Minister Jack Diefenbaker declared the memo was now a foreign conclusion. However, as Attorney General Gérard Gaudreault announced in the legislature on June 8 that his government would appeal the decision.

The move, which will be onComplete by September, has raised some serious doubts as to whether the Alberta government will be able to keep politics out of the day-to-day operation of the airline. Don Wimatt, a man who was once regarded as the best airline president in Canada, resigned from two last March after 17 years with the company because of the high-handerism of the decision to move the hub to eastern Calgary. Wimatt argued there was no benefit to be derived from the move and demanded some early positives. It was being

done to him, he said, to be asked to leave.

He believes that the one billion dollars Canadian spends annually on foreign aid is not enough and that Canada used all the developed countries available to it to get the best deal possible. The New Democratic Order, which would physically relocate a large part of our industry in various developing parts of the Third World, as well as stopping us from capital through various schemes for subsidizing commodity prices and draining investment overseas.

This would be an unanticipated disaster. Politically caused redundancies would prove uncontrollable, and require constant financial aid, just like Britain or Churchill. Poor Indians in Canada. World-marketing hotels would erode productivity in the worse areas, hamper production in the right areas, and generally bring life like the Canadian Oil Marketing Agency was long.

There would be shortages, inefficiencies, a gradual stagnation of world growth and a deterioration of the living standard of everyone, except the New Order's administrators. Yet, you could always wonder when politicians decide they can't control world market forces.

Khama's Algeria is an illustration. In Africa, even measure, light don't work. The country's infrastructures have been dismantled since the French left. Its people enjoy neither of provision and assistance. The reason is that the political elite has dismantled all the country's industrial and agricultural base through heavy industrial projects and military spending, entrenched every commercial enterprise and wasted the country's agriculture with a gigantic instance of collectivization. Living standards have been sacrificed to equality and ideological purity. This is exactly what the political elite have pre-

dicted as the time, not in the best interests of 1960s, but in the best interests of Alberta.

JEREMY THOMAS

The heart's in the right place, but the head's another matter

Business column by Peter Brimelow

"All three lights," said Abderrahmane Kheire, staring disconsolately at Toraïda's model airplane, "die when I am eating in 1974." "They are dead," Kheire added. "I have no money to buy them." Kheire, a 41-year-old factory worker in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, is an Algerian and a grainy photograph of this country's official lies that there must be a redistribution of the world's wealth.

Doug Roche, the Terry MP for Edmonton-Sherwood, has just written a book agreeing with him (*Asian War Charity: New Global Elite For Canada*, McGraw-Hill and Stewart, \$22.95). Roche was maintained by a number of church groups and medium as cancer goodwill to all men, which is presumably why the Toronto Star chose to review the book in its religion section. But the economic implications of his reasoning are appalling.

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dicted for the rest of us. Furthermore, economic authoritarianism in Algeria has internationally established a commandist political tyranny, an impotent Roche does not discuss.

Roche's fundamental error is his assumption that the Third World is poor because the developed nations are rich. But the evidence is that economic growth has had little to do with natural resources, and everything to do with natural culture and social organization. The Japanese flourish as their home islands, while the Indians stagnate as one of the richest lands in the world. Population statistics alone should have warned Roche off the myth that the so-called "inferior" economic damage during the imperial interlude whiles awayed India's fate pre-colonial West Africa maintained sophisticated civilizations deriving from ancient Egypt in engineering an educated middle-class capitalist population and its own economic self-sufficiency, which is another way of saying that pre-colonial West Africa maintained a record of advancement and success that is impossible to accept. Look at how the Third World's neophyte Third Worlders escaped from the developed world, when expatriate by civil service with little regard for its own national characteristics, have flourished. Indeed, there is evidence that they actually distort the local economy and reinforce negative tendencies. The ultimate solution is political, but the Third World's new rulers are not about to relinquish their stilling power over their peoples' activities or their suspicion of foreign investment.

In one of his familiar paradoxes, our hero announces that he is leaving, leaving as only the satisfaction of charity for his own sake. But we apparently suffice course of building up our own economy world community, which is likely to work with and against the Third World. Yet, he has always been the most effective form of aid, despite Roche's frantic denials. Neopaternal officials in Ottawa, the United Nations and even such unlikely entities as the International Monetary Fund are now plotting to sell off state-owned companies and the political though. The Third World nations are constantly threatening to start paying the interest on money lent to them by the developed-world banks, which could precipitate a major financial crisis. Easy, fast, foolproof and bureaucratic empire-building just might be the end and overtake the world's few areas of dynamism and bring reasoning and discipline to Toronto, indeed all the cities of North America. Except, that is, for the light shed by our falcon.



Muslims see oil as not for sale

Lifestyles

Baby-boom babies, off on a spree

The revolution, briefly poised at what was an ordinary paperbag, arrived in a meaningful boom box. "Big it, or beat it," it cried. "Marionette Laus is a big address." The outcome was a coming-out party for just 57 lottery contestants and 550 partygoers in Toronto's Yorkville district, where dancing, the invitation might have added, is to be the right address. In the inverted that links Marionette Laus' two-story building, residents called the red brick arches, cedar-decked balconies and strawberry bushes and worried about the monthly rent (\$80 per square foot).

The host, Richard Wooley, was all smiles—and with good reason. Ten years ago, Yorkville was a modestlyhippie haven of bars, scruffy cafés and rooms to let of dilapidated Victoria houses sprawling lawns. Yorkville then was the starting place for a progression still in full gear: Yorkville has changed. The kids in his neighborhood are now polished, knife-sharp clerks and men in men's-wear boutiques. The houses have been painted, refinished and reborn in clean-cut, values and made, cookie-cut lawns and squares crisscrossed with paths, flower beds and galleries. What it all amounts to is what most

children call "the finest residential street" in Canada, where shoppers can pick up anything from \$300 slippers for the leather Mr. Five-month-old to the complete hochzeit in bloom—this year's color—far just \$3,000.

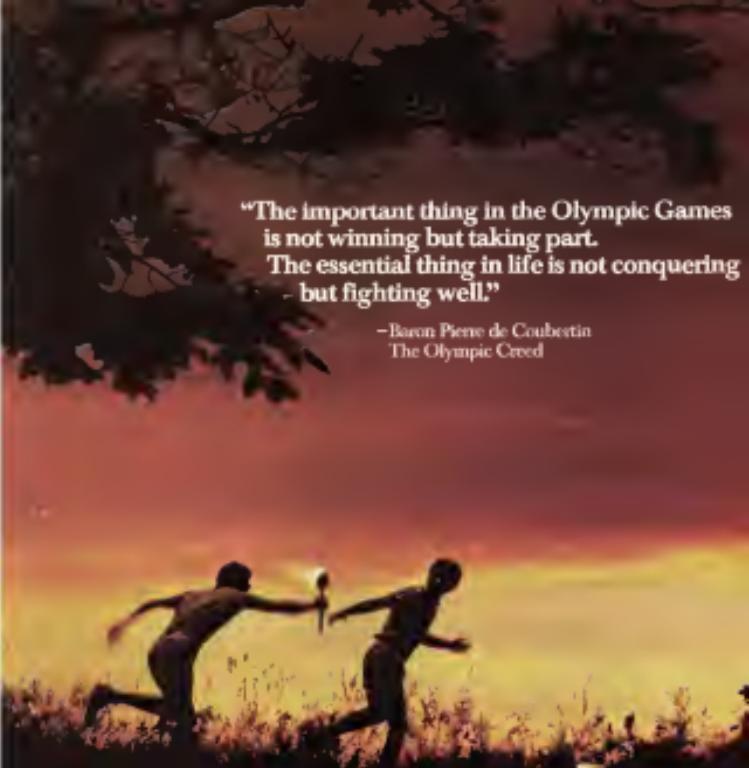
Wooley, a stockbroker turned developer of purposefullydapper and decidedly upscale. Over the years he has helped to channel \$40 million into Yorkville's metamorphosis and, in the process, has become a major property owner in the district. In fact, Marionette Laus—with condominium apartments, prices from \$76,000 to \$350,000 on a 96% lease—on his most opulent accomplishment. Wooley can afford to stand boasting, watching the money multiply, congratulating himself for his prescience—for having run through the rugged terrain of the Soho-Central entrance to the life of leisure. "The people I know, all those 16-year-olds in Yorkville? The results? 'Thought 10 years from now forty will be 36. They will want Yorkville, but a different kind.' They will be consumers. And they will be more sophisticated."

Wooley, of course, was not alone in his prophetic vision. Across Canada—and in

much of the industrialized western world—entrepreneurs are busily mining an continent of naivete and innocence to see that has gone before. Challenging endures of affluence such as Yorkville are sprouting up everywhere in Canadian cities, and if Yorkville is the biggest and the closest of them all it is only because Toronto itself is currently the country's most powerful magnet for people and money. Today's generation of super-consumers were spawned by the same phenomenon that set the style of the fifties—the post-World War II baby boom that at one point made 16-year-olds the largest single age group in North America. The youngsters of a decade ago were busy armfuls of and running on dropping out or lighting causes. Faded dreams with the audience, and one of things was out. In a sort of unprecedented era, the young could do whatever they wanted. The young could afford to be poor. Now the babies have come out of the wood, money is hard. The products of the baby boom, now between 30 and 34 years old, are the second-smallest target group of marketing men and women. They have swollen the stock market and are taking money. They



Wooley in front of Marionette Laus, Yorkville's newest building, which has a foot-long menu that includes all the way



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are lessened, traveled and educated—and perhaps above all, angriest. As before, by their sheer numbers, they are determining the tone and texture of consumption. Paris Trudeau may shake them for their snarling economists. Economists may try to argue that the real rate of inflation is down and money doesn't buy what it used to buy. But young consumers are determined to prove it.

The new consumerism is maddled with paradox. According to consumers, 1974-75 was a recession year, yet inflation was racking up record柴onsumers. Per capita costs spent rapidly upward, yet consumers buy less and spend on bigger and better gas-guzzling autos while young consumers aspire to still more exotic and expensive cars. In Toronto, affluent younger buyers this year favor the Lincoln Continental Mark IV (which retails by the consumer of their choice—ranging from early Custer, Poco or Blue—for around \$17,000). Used cars at \$10,000 a head are being phased out from car assembly lines, because new models will be harder to sell on the Tax Minimization Bill whose discriminatory classified tax rates on cars from \$12,000 to \$30,000, has almost decimated its sales in a year. The Marauder's poster child in the auto was elevated into the luxury price range by the revolution of the German market three years ago—but nonetheless continues an entire model range by early summer.

With inflation and unemployment still high, consumer sales across the country are understandably generally sluggish. Yet there is a healthy, however atypical

seasonal and camping gear—a lawn anything in fact, to do with lesser bolts of expensive home furnishings, pottery and vintage wares—is helping against inflation. It has taken as well that the experience itself, what is happening is not a simple exchange of money for goods. The economist says Doug Tugman, a University of Toronto professor and marketing expert, "Consumers purchase and market their own 'feelings'—they're not buying 'hot' spending better."

Sold-out department stores are having to upgrade their merchandise while the dispersion of trade-makers is on the rise, according to Morgan Read, vice-president of Saks Fifth Avenue. Read says that when five-dollar and \$50 mood rings were introduced, "We had trouble selling the cheap ring, while we could never keep enough of the expensive one." Catherine Hill, owner of an expensive Yorkville clothes shop, sells \$15 T-shirts and \$30 silk shirts. At the end of the season, she predicts, "I will probably have to put my T-shirts on sale. While the silk shirts are already sold out, I am in crisis."

For the leisure consumer, also busy, picture books, London-style crystal and showing off what you've got in the car are a trend that has found fulfillment on the roads. And there's nothing like a shiny car to make people look twice. Glacee en bain Yves St. Laurent is pretty soft, anything. Note the shopping catalog Anne Apier: "Even children don't want just any sneakers. They want Adidas." The search for the appropriate name extends to food as well. Appropriately, one of Toronto's best food emporiums is located at Credito, a top fashion store. Not from a rack at Van Pattenberg dresses,

but from a rack at Van Pattenberg dresses.



Mrs. MacLennan, either \$120 blouse, and a Mercedes passing aContinental Yorkville. If you can't beat it, buy it.

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SPALDING

Musian Peter Jerryns lived and worked in Yorkville during his heyday in the Sixties playing the organ and running a haberdashery on Yonge St., going on 340 a week, before the economic slack over a stretch can be felt. The Purple Onion that is now 29 has had a wild career, mounting and a cleaned-up version of his formerly muckophilic hours. During the past two years he has moved about an upper-end Rosedale, bought a dishwasher, a washer and dryer, a chest-freezer, a refrigerator and yes, a barbecue. His wife Diane, a free-lance writer, is having a baby. "The next step is buying a house," says Jerryns, who now works as a four-lane car poet. "And then you really nail down. In the Sixties you always felt you would be able to move. Now a lot of people I grew up with are worried about security, owning things—not because they are greedy but because the securities are no longer guaranteed." Come are the days when healthily affluent in have people change hats as a "scruffy knight." Now it's a decision on these people. You have to look like you're making money to have money."

Lynne Lanes, 32, is a spunky, carefree, single mother and sergeant in a private school to art schools in Victoria and London. This fall she will open a boutique in Thornton Lanes to sell the exclusive French leather goods made by Horner. The shop will handle oddities bearing a \$1,200 price tag, belts at \$300 and prices for \$400. She and her husband, Bruce, who is head of the Pop Shoppe International Inc., a division well ahead of art book

ing on the desire of the new consumer for durable quality. "People are much more prepared to buy things that will last a long time," she says. "I have had a Rembrandt landscape for 15 years. We are more interested in where we put our money partly because we don't have much."

She adds that the European philosophy of "We can't afford to buy cheap" is starting to take hold in Canada.

"It used to be bad taste to show you are wealthy. Money became dirty when people coped than." Now attitudes have changed. Buying something really good and paying attention to detail is a way of "bringing things under our control of having a larger of everything."

The changing trends in consumption and the more hedonistic approach to life are not restricted to the younger age groups. In upmarket Toronto luxury condominiums, heights, including twin-bed-room apartments, ranging in price from \$175,000 to \$250,000 (depending on the floor and the view), is designed with a special kind of roominess and spaciousness. City slicker Brian Weller, for the well-known "cigar smokers" couples whose children have left home, who spend half the year in summer homes and want to trade in their large family houses for a more comfortable way of life, finds Gilly Heath shows in the well-groomed oak rooms and the lobby walls are lined with smoke. Steven Wiegert, a sheik-like bland agent who is in charge of selling the condominiums, ready to look down his nose a little when Hawley



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he didn't want to see today.**



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States Energy, land and even water (thanks to pollution) are all rapidly finite. Most important for the pension generation, unemployment—currently at 7.5%—is impeding long term growth in the gains of some just at a time when the pension fund generates interest on the bulk of the measured benefits of growth. Even so, the majority of the 35- to 36-year-olds who entered or joined the labor force tend to have smaller families than their parents did, and there are more working wives and remarried workers—with the result that suddenly there is relatively more money to spend. Increasingly less of that money is being invested or reinvested for the simple reason that in an inflationary period it is difficult to find a good rate of return. "You get a negative rate of return on bonds, mortgages and stocks," says Robert Tammen, a financial analyst and consultant. "Because of inflation you actually end up losing money. So let's say people are saving instead of reinvesting. I'd say that yields 8% certainty. There is no investment that can save money or in work hard." Canadians today, says psychologist Harvey Axlerod, are having more and more difficulty storing positive money in the bank to give you security. But now, the material goods you can buy with that money give you more security. The money is still going while the car, the house or holiday is bought." As a result, people are adopting the philosophy of "live what I can."

Yorkville's Houston Laius is a glowering appogee, a concrete expression of changing values. When it is completed in the fall, Houston will provide for those who shop at his there, who is a 41 year old investment lawyer who is buying a condominium. "An improved new lifestyle, something to add pleasure to life." For his wealthy young buyer, whose life consists around restaurants, clubs and theatres, Houston Laius will be custom designed—literally. Last winter, when the project was still in the blueprint stage he brought one interior designer and eight furniture experts to his home. He has worked closely with the builders to blend the oasis approach and, for another \$100,000 shape down to the exact specification of his dream. When they are finished, the large yet grandiose digs will boast three fireplaces, three bathrooms—using walk-in showers large enough to accommodate five persons—a wet cellar that will be kept at a steady 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and a battery of foundations to protect the furnace and his collection of paintings. An acrylic staircase adorned with oak and brass will wind its way through two floors to a third-level greenhouse and roof garden, complete with 18 inches of soil, sprinklers, irrigation pipes, herbaceous, hibiscus and shrubs—because as the owner puts it, "I wanted to have a backyard 16' elevated, that's all." All that is going to cost \$100,000 a year in maintenance costs alone. But consider this for the fact that he will not even

own the land that his condominium stands on until the law is changed. "I have no children and my wife is dead. Besides, the uncertainty of getting to the end of the [1966] lease are so considerable that it makes it untenable to encumber what would happen."

Ten years ago, says Richard Woolley, the majority of the 35- to 36-year-olds who entered or joined the labor force tend to have smaller families than their parents did, and there are more working wives and remarried workers—with the result that suddenly there is relatively more money to spend. Increasingly less of that money is being invested or reinvested for the simple reason that in an inflationary period it is difficult to find a good rate of return. "You get a negative rate of return on bonds, mortgages and stocks," says Robert Tammen, a financial analyst and consultant. "Because of inflation you actually end up losing money. So let's say people are saving instead of reinvesting. I'd say that yields 8% certainty. There is no investment that can save money or in work hard." Canadians today, says psychologist Harvey Axlerod, are having more and more difficulty storing positive money in the bank to give you security. But now, the material goods you can buy with that money give you more security. The money is still going while the car, the house or holiday is bought." As a result, people are adopting the philosophy of "live what I can."

From Vancouver, with host Bob Kerr, who shares with you artwork, chamber and operatic records from his personal collection, and the reasons why he loves them.

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Environment

The Ugly Canadian, or: turnabout isn't always fair play

The dredge wrenches at the ground, its massive scoop tearing out 100 tons of soil at a time, once every 35 seconds. The land around looks like an old movie set; great piles of grey mud lie packed with pools of brackish water and saturated by a barren plain of drying mud. On the edge, a fringe of swaying grass tries to survive. "We try to be a good neighbor," the man in charge, while the dredging piles tracks start went down and a self-phased tank drifts by. "We try to get along with everybody." The trouble is that dredging does not create good neighbors. It impossible to work off the face of the earth, remove trees, test it away 100 feet of overburden, strip out 50 feet of phosphate-bearing rock, push it up with millions of gallons of water and then try to

clean up the mess without causing a certain amount of disturbance. And what's done just outside of town, the townsfolk may not like.

They have. The town is Azores, North Carolina, population 425, occupation farming, mining and bottling jobs. Texagulf Inc., the strip-mining company Texagulf is a Canadian-dominated concern, its biggest single shareholder is the Canada Development Corporation, the federally owned investment firm, which has a 30.2% interest. Individual Canadian shareholders own another 14%, according to Texagulf officials. Few of Azores' citizens know that, what's just as well. They have no idea that the company that dominates their town is dominated by foreign nationals, or they might have some



Texagulf PR exec Smith (above) diverted by the 4,435-ton dredge. Pader (below) and Pades (right) anything could be better for a brew in North Carolina.



nothing to say to Canadians who object to the bulldozer tactics of American firms operating in Canada.

Azores's problem really began millions of years ago, when this patch of northeast North Carolina was covered by ocean, and marine deposits built up a huge body of phosphates—1.5 billion tons—along what is now the dry land bordering the Pasquotank river. Phosphate make fertilizer, the price of fertilizer has been soaring in recent years and Texagulf has just finished another \$40-million expansion of what it calls its Azores operation. (The Carolinas operation has the same name.) It is now in a position to produce 500,000 tons of phosphate annually out of the depths of the Azores area. The land-draping operation is currently an island outside the town, but the townsfolk believe—through the company dataset—that it may soon be in their own backyards. Texagulf owns 50,000 acres of land here, 3,000 acres within a one-mile radius of the town, and several hundred acres inside the corporate limits. It even owns the stretch between the town's public and high school, the present-day site of a park. What if the company raised its 4,000-ton dredge to there? Is not a 150-foot-wide swath? Ah, but it won't says Wilton W. Smith, Texagulf's public-relations supervisor. It's ridiculous to suppose we would ever mine inside the town, simply ridiculous." However, Jim Pades, Lass Creek operations manager adds, "We do the best we can, and everybody knows why we bought it: we have some phosphate elsewhere." Pades adds, "Our mining is a quiet, confidential process." The town's mayor, Grace Horner, says, "Hearing him talk like that makes the hair stand up on the back of my neck."

Bonker's dark hair got a good workout last fall, when the town voted a one-mile buffer zone around Azores, in which no mining would be permitted. An earlier zoning plan, drawn up while the manager of Texagulf was a member of the planning board, encouraged mining within this one-mile zone, but that plan was rejected. Texagulf wasn't consulted about the new version. It has been objecting ever since says Pades. "Texagulf will use all legal means to stop any attempts to restrict our use of the land. Our position is perfectly clear. This is our property and we thought that property is ours. Now they want to say we can't mine it. We're certainly going to object to that." Pades can't say why the town should be upset. After all, the locals took good money for land over the past

A Gothic Romance.



For centuries boozers on the Rhine have sought a vision of the elusive maiden who is said to live by the towering river cliffs.

That romance lives on in Black Tower Light, refreshing. And inexpensive. The chilling white wine in the legendary black bottle.



decade when Teasugul was paying up to \$635 an acre—\$400 over the market price for farmland. Besides "We have no more room in our house."

During various public and private hearings, Teasugul has given a tight line for hours at a stretch. "It's 20 years and suddenly if the company has no immediate plans for Aurora, why don't we accept the town's zoning restriction, at least as a basis for bargaining?" "It's a question of property rights. It's as if you bought land for an apartment building and then the municipality comes along and says you couldn't build there." But that happens often, doesn't it?" "Yes, and when it does you fight it!"

Not only is Teasugul fighting—filing objections to the town plan at every level of government—some Aurora residents claim it's fighting a tiny, existing oil business to local supporters of the same plan. W. B. Thompson, chairman of the planning board, has drawn up the zoning restrictions, owns a farming supply store, and has done little business with the farm division of Teasugul. Thompson says the firm is buying up all the land it can get now. "After this chapter started," says Thompson, "there were no more orders from Teasugul! It looks like a straight out-off." Two other Aurora supporters of the plan claim they have also been hurt, but are reluctant to discuss the issue. Before the plan was made public last August, these company officials did about \$1.5 million worth of business annually with Teasugul, averaging 20 orders a month. Since then, their sales have rapidly disappeared. Bill McNeilly, manager of Padias, "If anybody has lost Teasugul business, it is because they were unduly by somebody else."

Frank Bonar, real estate agent, member of the county commission, and husband of the major thiefs Teasugul "just doesn't care about the town." They'd go away as soon as we wouldn't be here, so they could go ahead and move the land. We've had a good relationship to them for 10 years, but no one in us put in as much as we have, but I think it's reasonable. I have nothing against Teasugul, but I welcome them here when I was mayor [back in the 1960s], but I don't see why they won't accept our right to protect ourselves."

Such talk grieves Jim Padias, who believes "it's not only the town that's upset; just a few people. Like the mayor, who doesn't realize how much good the industry is doing." When it arrived as 1964, Teasugul did, in fact, seem like a pioneer to the town's pioneering capital, contrasts his opinions in fact. Aurora has not expanded the Teasugul jobs—about 300—but barely replaced those who left. The leg contractors have gone to outside suppliers and all Aurora businesses are either closed or scattered. Yesterday's dreams of prosperity lie somewhere under a layer of millions of muck. "It's not what we expected," says Frank Bonar. "It isn't right."

WALTERSHEWART

Music

All hail the heirs apparent!



Ruth-Lilburn, Pearl and Lee: they're 'hot' (that's good) and rich (even better)

Ruth Lilburn, known pretenders to punk rock's mantle by throne, started out stage at the former Aurora Inn in Mississauga this month—and removed the kind of complexion now mostly reserved for rock legend hard-rock bands at Led Zeppelin and Grand Funk Railroad. "It's the energy level that really gets me off," she said and batted-rapped flat. "They're hot!" In the contradictory art of rock, bad ensues good, but if the face of the Ramones knew what they liked in rock, it's safe to say that low know they were chomping a band of well-adjusted off-Cambodian boys from the suburbs of Toronto.

In two years Ruth has leapfrogged from her headline in various such as Demolition's 13,000-seat Cobo Hall by merely playing in offices and in as many places as possible. The band's formula, a blushing of adolescent guitars ticks by Alice Cooper 23, is the same as the Ramones' 23, and Ruth and her bandmates are still record through 23-year-old singer Geddy Lee's duchess out ("Get an 'achoo" to rock!) but for small talk's sake send teenage girls into paroxysms of jealousy, and has made Ruth the only Canadian group to make agily named "heavy metal" publications. Last year the band dug up more than one million dollars in record grosses, poised only to Vancouver acoustic Ruthless Turner Overdrive (in Canada). The group is also successful in the recording studio. More than 250,000 copies of *7/11*, their fourth album, a thousand-and-a-half have sold in the United States and Canada in the four months since its release, and the band's first three albums (*Rock By Night* and *Cause Of Self*) have already racked up more than four million dollars in overseas sales.

Offstage the three members of Ruth are almost recklessly normal. High-

school dropout Ruth comfortable suburban, Ruth and Lee formed the band in 1980 and played in the workshop or cast with a bunch of other Ryther students. Ruth was grappled onto the band by manager Roy Diamond in 1981 and today the three act as sort of an off-the-primer-bench, drag-haul stage of rock stars as it's possible to imagine. They phone their parents after each concert and spend their time working on new music. At once elementary and honed, their songs often sound alike, with the result that Ruth seems indistinguishable from half a dozen other hard-rock groups. But the band's popularity can be attributed less to any striking originality than to the drive of Demolition, 28, the chunky white-haired one who first became interested with Ruth seven years ago. In 1974 he sold the sole of his first pair of shoes (\$100) to buy Ruth a bus to take a concert with Motörhead. In the next two years, the band worked 50 weeks a year, often 14 days in a row and kept in a punishing schedule that took it touring to every American state but four.

Although a national tour is planned later this year, Canada seems almost an afterthought. No words sans, with the exception of Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, Canada looks radio outlets that play Ruth's type of music.

For everything's a mistake. The following concert halls, pleasure-pain and Gladly Let's Persevere are enough. Ruth wants to be the Canadian rock band in North America and to do that they have to dominate. Bachman-Turner Overdrive, a band that last year made \$1.3 million in a few 40 concerts. Neil Peart isn't worried "I'da doig" as he says. "Now it's time to see what we can do."

KEN WADDELL

"It took years to build the legend as the strongest wrist-wrestler in Hastings County."

I've never told this story before, at least around any of those huge wrestlers that used to come to town," Jack Baker leans back and laughs, all 290 pounds of him.

Wrestles in Title

EVERYDAY CHAMPION Jack Baker, of the Sudbury police force, who won the 1974 B.C.L.A. in February 1, 1974, was the fifth-ranked wrestling titleholder.

"Even as a kid, I was always on the big side, so I guess I just naturally drifted into all kinds of sports from hockey to wrestling. Size came in pretty handy years later when I was Sudbury's first motorcycle cop. And it wasn't exactly a handicap in the Air Force and when I was an amateur wrestler, either."

"I'm not sure now exactly how the wrist-wrestling thing got started. Except that around Madoc, where I managed the



WE JUST STARTED
WRIST-WRESTLING ONE DAY
FOR THE FUN OF IT.

only liquor store, we had an OPP motorcycle officer named

Sgt. Hatch, who was a pretty big guy himself. I guess we just started wrist-wrestling one day for the fun of it. You know, using the counter in the liquor store when business was slow. Well Sgt. Hatch kept losing and it bugged him so, to get even he told some of Canada's top wrestlers, who had come to town for a hour, about how I could probably beat them. Well, it wasn't long before these big guys came around to the store. To make a long story short, they all lost. They just couldn't understand it. I could. You see, under that



I REMEMBER EVEN THEN
THAT MY ONE AMBITION WAS
NOT TO BE A STRONG MAN

counter on my side, was a sturdy brace holding up the counter. I just stood in front of it, wrapped one leg around that post and the rest was easy. Why these boys couldn't have put my arm down without lifting that whole counter, maybe even half the store.

"Looking back now at those times, I remember even then that my one ambition was not to

be a strong man. I wanted to create a fine Canadian rye whisky that would really set this country on its ear. You know, the rest. Well, it has taken all these years, but today I've been lucky enough to realize that ambition. Top Secret is that blend. And part of that secret is the fine eight year old whiskies that are perfectly blended for smoothness and mellow taste. Sure, I know you're saying that every Canadian rye whisky says that about name. Well, I don't want to wrist-wrestle you about it, I just want you to try Top Secret. That should settle any argument. I know you'll just have to agree with me. One last thing though,

We're new and just maybe you might have some difficulty finding Top Secret. If you do, just mention my name."



Jack Baker's Top Secret

The man and the whisky.



"...all of Europe in one tidy country."

Howard Austin
of Toronto will be taking his family over to Portugal again this year.

"We always rent a villa in the Algarve for at least a month in the late summer or early fall—it's just like a second home to the kids. Of course Polly has her beloved tennis (our friend—he owns an excellent restaurant in Albufeira)—taught her to ride when she was only 6) and Jim just disappears into the sea

show little restaurants where they sing the 'Tadi'—a 'Break your heart' (Sandra says it's sensual) song making me sentimental to put it politely! But I'll tell you what won't break your heart—the low prices! A full-course sunset meal—plus the port—only costs about 400 euros for two (\$15.60 Canadian).

Thing about Portugal you get along with everything within reach.

History—from Roman even Greek—rarely to Moorish castles to cathedrals higher stone walls that'll knock your eye out.

Fazenda—I would guess on average there's one about every third day all really colorful Mountain pine-woods vineyard villages where nothing much has changed for 800 years. All class. Easy to get to—the route we first take is like that, put all of Europe together in one tiny country.

Portugal? Well, sure, but the Portuguese keep it to themselves—or didn't involve us visitors. Only shock we got was an air raid sirens going off in the middle of the night in a little fishing village where we were staying at. Turned out the fish had arrived at the canning factory—and it was time for the workers

to get on the job!

Hard to say what we like best about Portugal. Alentejo? Inquiries? The Fozens? Polis? Taxis? The

little towns—all over the place (day and night) set saloons and proper (gasps!) people themselves, they're friendly and down-to-earth and rock-bottom honest. It's just a great place to live, to eat, to come back to.

Come back again to Portugal...and this year take advantage of our Silver

Platter Card for special, sensible discounts on hotel rooms, car rentals, shopping...even bottles of wine! See your travel agent soon—and Come Again to Portugal



and someone only for meals?"

Tannie golf there—there is all over Portugal, of course—and Sandra manages to get me to a Discoteca at least a couple of times a while we're there usually when we drive up to Lisbon. Actually I prefer

the Tapas bar in the middle of the night in a little fishing village where we were staying at. Turned out the fish had arrived at the canning factory—and it was time for the workers



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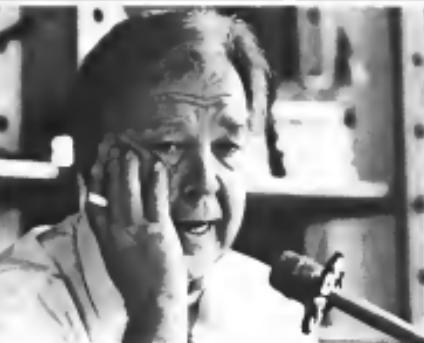
Radio

This Scotsman in the morning: like him or not, they listen

Some politicians like to do young. Jim Nielsen in Vancouver of the Environment panel that one day last month when he voluntarily turned himself in to a Vancouver open-line radio show to give state laborious defense of the government's inaction. A former alderman, he himself and his wife are now listed for his qualifications. Nielsen was asked to share airtime by the show's host, "Aw, Christ, Jim, you know how we hate these long-winded old-timers." Nielsen's chuckle on the end of the phone did not sound healthy.

The Oldsmobile Sarnia had planned another return. With a tick of the fibrometer, Jack Webster disposed of the body, pricing once again to the undisputed longest open-month radio in British Columbia and a man unique in Canadian broadcasting. Could anyone else but this 38-year-old professional Scot who looks like a cross between the Wilbywoy doobiego and a pugilistic panda pull in over \$150,000 a year for the brazen quality of his mouth? His private company set him up nearly \$90,000 that Helen Huntstone already earned for hosting the Canadian news makes Webster the highest paid personality in Canadian broadcasting, and the quality of his morning call-in show—with a guest for most nights—hasn't suffered from Margaret Mead to any other station host since the days of the best. I'm sorry that I subjected you to my daily radio talk shows. He is undefeated long. Now with his latest venture—a network—Webster's City Radio show is carried on three stations as well as Vancouver's CTV. Internet in Kamloops, Kelowna and Prince George have the best hour and a half of his eight-thirty-to-ninety program giving him an overnight ratings audience of at least 125,000 across the province. The result: a call-in show with a rating a cut of *The Province* in The Morning with more gore and impatience than any local morning press. Webster's radio interviews with celebrities. During the last election, he interviewed then-Premier Dave Barrett and new Premier Jim Benét and anyone in between. Webster managed to generate a front-page story more than once a week.

He is one of his refreshingly thick Scottish accent and a personality with all the subtlety of a Mack truck. Webster has collected more than his share of crazy nicknames. Among them are Glasgow, Father McHaggard, Jack McPheefer, and the Oldsmobile Sarnia, which he really is to top off the two most successful companies in the Webster personality. His Scottish get-away-with-exuberant charm and hot meat stinks. When Webster roughs up a



Webster: one of the tricks to becoming a success is acting like one

calculator, scolded his amateur competitor Judy LaMerrick, "That's violence." But Nielsen seems to let it. So does Webster, though those associations are doubtful as all these stations on Webster's network are with publications in Kamloops and Vernon, in Kelowna happily dialing down for the morning show. One of that, there's the immediate suspicion for fear and loathing of this guy's mouth that Webster appears in the movies and shadow of Glad's memory. Asked about it, he strags, "I'm only doing what the newspapers out here should be doing but aren't." Indeed, the morning *Province* opens its show daily and Georgia Straight the counter on whose only local connection press Webster's radio interviews with celebrities. During the last election, he interviewed then-Premier Dave Barrett and new Premier Jim Benét and anyone in between. Webster managed to generate a front-page story more than once a week.

Webster considers that as his salary he has transcended the bounds of journalism and stepped off into show business. The fact remains that his lightning-quid short-sleeved shirts, his breeches, his flat-top hair and his background in both British and Canadian newspapers and his single-baritone in the stomach questionnaire that have piqued politicians grasping for oil, add up to an ensemble—if infelicitous rags—presented. The show can mean that he's been

complained. His friend Alan Fairhurst has once fished out a beaten prior to the concluding "question-and-answer" round begun with a program deal with another star Newscaster would have a French Canadian TV station. But who, who professed it he was particularly fast about keeping hold of such assignments for the network model. Staples of other prolonged evidence of it, as was tolerated on the show ("I heard from you yesterday, you can give me a break"), finally, although Webster does watch out for the "idle people" while the public personalities take what can they can get. Some, certainly. For the Oldsmobile Sarnia, however, a coyly cool person's "on the whole wide world," as when he returns the compliment. Peter Trostler ("How nice to get to be ready for her")

Webster has more nickname: "The world's sickest retired shepherd." Every weekend, with his wife Margaret and all of their three grown-up offspring, he commutes to his 40-acre sheep farm on Salt Spring Island a forty-mile away in the gulf. There he makes his pastures of digested feed for his flock, a family he would bring in if he were ever to consider a return to politics or a career in radio stations. At the moment, he seems well set. "Go on!" says Webster. "What the hell?"

Television

Once tamed, pay-TV may be the best friend Canadian culture ever had

CLAUDE JAMAIN September 1977. An average night in Calgary, a movie plays through the 21 channels to find the audience of a summer country show on the air, a rerun of *Maverick* on CTV, a political special on one of the U.S. channels and a police series on another. There he remembers like has just signed on with his local cable company, at an average night about a month, for the second run of the new *Pat. II* network—and suddenly's concerned over offering it. *Commissioner*. When Jeanne Moreau has her say in the new *Claude-Jeanne* movie with Genevieve Bujold, and in two weeks time it'll be Gordon Pinsent in *One Shybird's Way*. One, lush of shear pleasure that wouldn't have been produced if it weren't for Pay-TV.

At the moment the only Canadians the studios had given to who have the option of pay-TV are the residents of 600 condominiums in a highrise development in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough. For almost new U.S. movies they pay \$3.50 per showing. The condominiums have been specially wired by a Toronto company called Service One, which jumped the gun by setting up its operation before the Canadian Radio-Television Commission, the federal policing board of the networks, could put into the air. Faced with坐立不安 of under-contractors from cable companies that operate under CRTC license and wanting to play it safe, the commission has responded from Ottawa with a warning. At least it's a small concession of the Canadian Cable Televisions Association in Toronto. Some made it clear that the federal government would move quickly to bring pay-TV under its control, and pledged that the benefits would be shared by cable operators and the existing broadcasting industry.

A pay network would be a new department in Canada's broadcasting system, but just what kind of body it will be hasn't been worked out yet. To help set out the rules, some skilled CRTC chairman Harry J. Boyle to move heads from broadcast and other interested parties to be interviewed by September 1. What's waiting to be decided: the cable industry has already set up a pay television network and taken a position on the issues now, in the hope that a top group in the end will be granted a monopoly franchise first, with representatives of cable companies and private film producers who would have a share to buy and distribute programs to an already formed cable channels system the country.



Born in America, raising the patriotic way

With the risk to get on something that was tried once before in Canada—and failed? A pay-TV service was offered on an experimental basis to 5,600 subscribers in Etobicoke, a borough of Metro-Toronto, from 1966 to 1969. Telerecords, as it was called, would have needed a much larger area to become commercially viable, and it was impossible at the time to raise the capital required for the expansion. But many things have changed since then. Before cable pay-TV had to be brought into individual homes via a separate wiring service. Now satellite can get signals from distant countries, and so on. And the initial capital costs are much more readily absorbed by the prospectus cable operators than by new companies set up specifically for pay-TV. Most significantly, in the pharmaceutical business pay-TV has finally led in the United States where by the end of the year there will be more than one million subscribers.

At the moment Canada has a potential advantage in developing pay-TV. The easy way to deliver pay-TV is by cable and though the proportion of cable subscribers is still low in the United States, 40% of Canadian viewers—3.4 million—already have cable. The main reason Canada leads the world in this department is that Canadian viewers need cable to receive U.S. channels that can't be picked up with private antennas, but usually have to use dish antennae. In practical terms that means that if an expected 30% of Canadian cable subscribers sign up for pay-TV, then about \$1 billion of the revenue will go into Canadian production. This would be enough for at least 12 months, so probably one of the eight monthly events offered on the pay channel (with such events repeated several times during the month) would be a Canadian movie. The formula is to provide enough American movies to draw subscribers willing to pay for them and enough Canadian productions to bolster the troubled film industry. Reactions in the industry is curiously opposite. "Pay-TV could be disastrous for us," says film actor Alan Alda, "but not if it only creates a demand for Canadian American movies made in Canada."

What Alda means is word of a repetition of the mistakes that plagued the film industry to become a Hollywood colony through foreign control of the film chain and distribution. "It would be nice to see the CRTC take a look at the opportunity to convert technical systems to a cultural purpose." —MARION KERNAN



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Books

Ten good ways to while away a dog day afternoon

What books to serve on "dog days"? John Updike claims to have consumed many. Muriel's Way by 4,000 copies of *Proust* and a seagull of *Kerckhoff*. Lesser mortals might sympathize with the French poet Frédéric Janssen: "I have spent the summer reading poems and plays by talented geniuses. Yann Paré. It was a mistake." On days heavy with heat and the buzz of summer midges, books of the wacky, sprightly weight may set the air like a mass of effervescent bubbles. With that in mind here's a selection of current books to snuggle rather than plow through.

Hollywood and effervescent reading are so akin that Tom Tryon's new novel ought to come in an Academy Award. *Careless Heads* (Bantam, \$10.25) is a good tale of keeping one's stars well into old age. The blurb claims they can never win awards as "legendary lives," but we spot the local girls as a starful panache of movie mops and poker reporters. The book plumbs with details of sexual and other-sexy-sexy, prominently older by Technicolor. *Islands* by Pucci and bawdy by Kenneth Barf, returns Tryon, Jane, actress and fugitive bring little happy news—always good news for us dowdy people.

"I hear *Frank Sartoris* no more," declares pugnacious Earl Wilson in his preface to *Sartoris* (Cahier-Mazurine, \$10.95). Readers will wonder: Who let a grouse dare author such lines? "The love that millions of people feel for Frank



Laughton as a young bohemian after 40 years, and posthumously, out of the closet

is one of the great novels of the cynical late-filled 20th century." Ah, but playing wistful! Recall to Sartoris' Johnson's fraught with impatience. Seven years ago Sartoris faced a pharmaceutical disaster and against Wilson and his publisher claiming the book compensates unknown planned cures and depicts his life as "boring" and "dashed" of any depth. Miss Parrot, Aya Gordon, the Mita, and Bobby Kennedy—shooey! Never, and if ever 25 years of newspaper work fail to reward to you a pleasure reading that there continues, we understand. You don't need a going genome for style.

Compared to Earl Charles Higgins is a veritable Fleabert. His book *Charles Laughton: An Impression* (Doubleday, \$9.95) has received much attention for its revelations of Laughton's homosexuality. Such publications were no doubt more common 40 years ago than today, when it's to be a matter of pride complete with promotional pamphlets and Web sites. Still, it's the book's glimpse of Laughton the actor that fascinates. As a performer he was probably great enough to move audiences to tears by reading the telephone book. But his remains to be shown the *Bible* instead, which is just about as difficult.

Hollywood hiffs will snap up *Some Time To Be Sun* (John Wiley, \$11.95) by Tim Dashiell. This is intense gossip about the screwing-up talents of *Fascination*, *Alibi*, *Hold Up*, *Ninthave*

and *Books*, \$9.95) tells of an encounter between the prominent head of a Washington think tank and a friendly Hills bureaucrat—watch, aiming to be President. Given the status of non-potency American presidency, gurus who write

in Hollywood prefer to let children who look at grown-ups in school use the name of Frank Muir instead of *the* *man*. Muir, who left school at age 14, rose from drop-out to star stage performer on the NBC *Let's Stay Together* 25 years ago today. *The Frank Muir Book* (Coffey, \$12.95) is a compendium of wit and wisdom. Subtitled "An irreverent companion to social history," it provides 1,000 debonair quotations as everything from Music to Food and Drink. Choose your target, the amus-

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stry account of the metamorphosis of the ugly duckling to Odette-Odile. The story of *Princess Odette* (Faber, \$12.95) is a tale of a girl who grows up to wear flowing, seductive garments and be seen. *Old-Fashioned* (Faber, \$12.95) (Finborough & Whitmore, \$11.75) gives you *Reverie* on Jerry Ford, Ronald Reagan, George Wallace, Robert Hosking, Jerry Glanville and "some other men you probably wouldn't want your daughter to marry." The reporting is clever and, most important, sensitive. The style is lush, dark. Who else could write Canadian芭蕾舞女郎的表演？ But then most big political shenanigans would be written in Swiss cheese.

Rickard Reaven for example. Rigged up in tights for the role of Aladdin, Gail (she's his daughter) goes to wear lingerie, performing seductively and he wears Old-Fashioned (Faber, \$12.95) (Finborough & Whitmore, \$11.75) gives you *Reverie* on Jerry Ford, Ronald Reagan, George Wallace, Robert Hosking, Jerry Glanville and "some other men you probably wouldn't want your daughter to marry." The reporting is clever and, most important, sensitive. The style is lush, dark. Who else could write Canadian芭蕾舞女郎的表演？ But then most big political shenanigans would be written in Swiss cheese.

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Frank when he was President-Elect a year ago

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3. *Agent in Place*, McEwan's \$10
4. *The Country Letty*, Robbie \$10
5. *It's Not Over*, Whitmore \$10
6. *1976*, Vito \$10
7. *The Charioteer*, McEwan \$10
8. *Teachers Not The Cat*, Stewart \$10
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10. *Curious Circles* \$10

NONFICTION

1. *Between Friends*, The Melville Film Project of Canada \$10
2. *The Final Days*, \$10
3. *My Life With A Donkey* \$10
4. *A Man Called Nicodemus*, Stevenson \$10
5. *Gardner, Kennedy* \$10
6. *The Canadian Entertainment Almanac*, Nieman \$10
7. *The Name Of Mac*, Ward \$10
8. *Spaceman, Spear* \$10
9. *Millionaire Mrs Young, Maxcy* \$10
10. *From The Ashes*, Stevenson, Whitmore & Walker \$10

10. A Very Double Life, Stacey

1. *Practitioner*
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Ladies and gentlemen, the next Prime Minister of Canada - or a good facsimile

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The problem is that the invincible Mac shrugs off blisters. The invincible Mac, that stalwart bear with iron teeth, the teeth for cynos and typewriter keys for instruments, has to be fed. Down the gullet of public boudoirs they go: cabaret masters who've been too long at the waiting room business tycons are tickled on the spot over the rubber chicken - and especially Lester. Especially Lester. How would you like to have your handbills (or gags) pass in print every day? Who can Macie know for you now as the mere insect to the mite-sized insects of Mary Hartman?

The problem, dear Canadian, is that the law of the Invincible Mac demands we must have new media because puppets at the mercy of the clowns and pencil pushers are just liable to tickle with them. We demand new vectors, new gags. Puppets are incapable. Now that it has been endorsed by emanation consensus of the bitter period that Pierre Trudeau has had it that John Turner can't drown himself in that too-quarrelly acquired boozehound casket that Joe Clark can't get the adolescent spunk out of his prevaricant-Diefenbaker career - now that the lid is agreed on all that, I have the solution. The solution is named Maurice Strong. Maurice Frederick Strong, if you must. Of English, British, German and Irish descent, the musical mouse aristocrat. Best of all, though Horatio Alger crossed with Blackberry Pina.

You look puzzled. Let me explain this slowly. The CCP (also known as the National Governing Party and the Alberta-Edmontonians) always goes outside for its leaders. It's the only party in the country that doesn't have a single member of its own party elected to the Invincible Mac. They went outside to get that foxy little come, Machiavelli King who was languishing in the United States during World War II as John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s closest adviser before being brought back down as a Liberal. When he was sold up they stashed into the many world of Quebec corporation law for Under-Louis Lévesque. That followed the 1967 resort to the old pug-pug, Paul Martin and, if I may say, family facsimile? Of course not ever aware of the Invincible Mac, they plucked a drowsy doctored-on second banana from External Affairs. When Mike Pearson had had his fill, he went past most of the parting good-timers of the Raisin Croissant (quod had a strange hunch from Montréal who drove a Mercedes and liked polo) Montréal and La Rochefoucauld. The complicit Canadian version, Pearson to the end

faithfully followed the bidding of the Invincible Mac. Ahoy Deep Blue! We are now into the new decade of 1976 bidden on the slope toward the 1977 election. It is accepted - right - that it is the turn of a God-fearing man to lead us. We present to you Maurice Strong, now, afterloring, only in Calgary while setting up in rather abstemious fashion Petro-Canada, your friendly government's successor in oil and gas development. Winning Maurice Strong in such a snappy pretty shore, some would say, is akin to amping Mahatma Ghandi to design the new McDonald's signs. The man with a bigger brain if the American had Maurice Strong, half-he right up there with Betty Rose, Alcolia and Jim Nasrash.



Strong and your invincible, Macie.

The best thing about the man-in-a-cage is his appearance. Maurice Strong, our personae, has one of those faces of a big player in a 1930s movie, a matador-like face from Early Post-WWII Chile. A softness never leaves him. His eyes look as if they are picked off the rock ("in the dark," a friend once observed). He has the prepared surprise, pleased look on his face of a small round boy just being given an unexpected piece of candy. On the macho scale he resembles Captain Mighetto, not of M. Präzios.

Alas but the track record! How's that born into deepest poverty in Oak Lake, Manitoba, his railway worker father laid off by the world's end. Left home at 13 ("I didn't manage from home, I'm not a criminal"). Tried to join the navy at 15 and stowed away aboard a Canada Steamship Line vessel to the Great Lakes. Arrived as an

apprentice for trader at a Hudson's Bay post on Chequamegon Inlet (he took along a copy of *Mercier's* analyzing the performance of Canada's 100 largest non-financial firms); formed his own mining exploration company. At 18, he went to work for the new United Nations' organization in New York (Secretary-General Trygve Lie called him "the kid"). At 20 he had made his first fortune with Dome Exploration. Strong set out to buy Strong and research after finally finishing a new home for his wife, the two of them took off on a two-year sojourn around the world. He opened the first service station in Zimbabwe and established a graphite mine in Tanganyika. When dropped off experience External Affairs (John Okanagan selected him as a spin doctor), he became a political consultant. Strong returned to private industry to make another fortune. At 35 he was the \$100-million head of Power Corp. of Montreal and then accepted - delectous revenge - an offer to become head of the Canadian Foreign aid program that had earlier refused him a job.

He took a pay cut to \$27,000, and from there it was a rapid rise for the Oak Lake boy to become head of the UN environmental organization based in Nairobi. The move to Petrosas last year seemed small beer to Strong. Just running an oil company is not what I want to do with my life," he confesses. He says he has made it quite clear to Ottawa that as soon as he finds a president he will become chairman "and then only part-time."

Palace? Well, both Bob Weston and consultancy officials sought him for a Toronto seat, until Weston, like Pierre Trudeau, has with unconvincing success lured him. A delegation of Torontonians to New York to sound him out last year about leadership possibilities Strong is an idealist, a man who can see quite clearly that he would like to be a philosopher. "The always has attracted to challenge." More than once, sporting the occasional turtleneck, a wavy blonde in his arm, Strong easily kills his own in debate with such as Barbara Ward and Blackwater Parker. After all that he is still only 47, a decade younger than Trudeau. This is the key. An enormously experienced man who still A. New Face. Always on the edge of publication, juggling with the headlines. Typographically still a virgin, electronically an unopened sensory slate to be realized ahead, exploded, eventually joined forces with the world, wouldn't be a bad to have a few who'd never come to college?

There it is. All laid out. Why doesn't anyone ever take my advice? It's free!



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